

COLLEGE LIFE '92

# Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

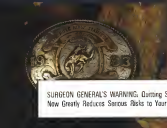
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**MAN AT HIS BEST**



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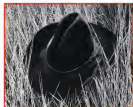
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THE GIRLFRIENDS OF THE NBA talk fast and live faster. And neither rain nor sleet nor public opinion nor Earvin Johnson's plight shall keep them from their appointed rounds. By E. JEAN CARROLL

Just don't. When these women say NBA action is just love, they mean it. Besides, who says you can't judge a man by the size of his high-top? Page 136

CORR: 1992 PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE NBA AND THE OTHER PEOPLE BY MICHAEL BALLHAUS; MACHINERY: MACHINERY; MACHINERY; MACHINERY; MACHINERY; MACHINERY; MACHINERY; MACHINERY; MACHINERY; MACHINERY



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# THE SOUND AND THE FURY

## In Dubious We Trust

AS COLLIERIE I SAW THE MONTHS past A intellectual coming-of-age meant, possibly celebrating the differences between Will Jones and William James, sociology and its discontents.

Reading your Dubious Achievement Awards of 1992 (January) has helped illuminate this puzzle over the years, blurring and clarifying dimensions I usually accepted. The ritual slaughter of second-class ideas [they are always with us] will delight me forever.

—ZOT SHEENWOOD  
Rochester, NY

THANKS FOR HOWE BEING trading that cape on social year-ups only reader!

—KATHLEEN KILLETTE  
Washington, DC

THE 1992 DEBIOUS ACHIEVEMENT Awards serve to prove that things over things are not only necessary but enlightening. Please keep up the good work.

—KAREN L. KRAUSS  
Spokane, Wash.

## Laugh Lines

W HAT IS THE MAN IN YOUR January cover not laughing? Elementary! You missed him.

—ANDREW C. MORAN  
Spokane, Wash.

THE MAN IS NOT laughing. He is showing that he is not taking anything; there are no lies, certainly not in his mouth. "Look for yourselves," says he, "my tongue is not forked."

—MARCO FLORENTINO  
New York, NY

RICHARD NIXON IS STILL LINGERING because he knows he will go down in history as a better President of the United States than Jerry Lewis will as a comedian (even in France). Come on, Esquire. Set your sights a little higher than a smiling Nixon.

—LOUISE ADAMS  
San Clemente, Calif.

I'VE TOLD YOU WHY the age of a book is laughing. It's because Eisenhower is in Kansas and he's not.

—EDWIG EADEN  
Jensen Springs, N.J.

YOUR SAY: A picture had surfaced, showing Nixon reaching forward and throwing me a huge belittling laugh. "Surfaced" you, a name out of my personal cubicle file at UPJ, where as picture salesman and free-lance writer I accumulated bawdy, peepster shots. The reason the picture included in with the caption "Why Is This Man Laughing?" at that Kennedy had said the words out of the open presidential election. And, of course, he was never heard from again. I always loved the cheshire's white grin of Dubious, all the more because it got ripped off by numerous magazines in the '60s and '80s. But this year you've really outdone yourselves. The whole thing is the best I've seen in a very long time.

—STEWART FRIEDMAN  
Yorkton, England, N.Y.

## Trial and Error?

PETER MATTHEWS' "The Trials of Leonard Fisher" (January) suffered from its attempt to vindicate a convicted criminal in order to serve the political agenda of a special interest group—the American Indian Movement, in Fisher's case. But can the location of the two unrelated FBI agents ever hope to reverse any type of justice for these wounded natives while this political game continues?

—L. KRAUS  
Chilmark, British Columbia

I THOUGHT I'D BEEN AGREEING with Peter Matthews that the conviction and imprisonment of American Indian leader Leonard Fisher is a miscarriage of justice. But the short-cut resulting in the death of two FBI agents for which Fisher was convicted occurred at the Fort Ridge Reservation community of Oyala, not at Wounded Knee. This incident took place two years after the siege at Wounded Knee.

—CAROL MCCANNERY  
Jamaica, N.Y.

## Sunday, Bloody Sunday

AS A JEWISH GUY LATELY in the pages of Esquire I wonder why I'm so obsessed with the infamous action on the grill from Inter-Kent's "No Fun, No Game" (January) helped that football fan understand the program's pre- and post-game and the game psychology I tried to drink that players were exempt from the statistics, apologetic, and, and, and that brief on lower months. Then we have a season where Mike Udey is prominently injured and Lawrence Taylor is on the sidelines. Kent didn't need to say it, but NFLers don't walk on water.

—JOAN MARY BLANCH  
Binghamton, N.Y.

THIS PAPER'S WORD, the glorified blood-bath, the dominance of gambling, the exploitation of young men from poor and minority backgrounds, and the attempts to justify the violence in pseudo-anthropological terms ("Football often modernizes a connection to prehistoric hunting hands") are all part of the "sport" of football and Jack Bauer and Jerry Bruckheimer are just high-paid dogs.

—PETER BERGALL  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

EVERYONE HERE SEEMS NOT kidding when he wrote that a guy who played pro football for seven years would take 10,000 full-speed hits. I think that figure is about fifteen times too high, which is still enough hits to make anyone's liver-brain system. With that, must have been kidding. But he wasn't.

—JERRY RAY  
Englewood, Pa.

## Más Maas

THANKS FOR FOR PETER MAAS'S "Lancey, Lancey, and Money" in the January issue. It's the kind of creative reporting Maas does so well, startling complex events and their actors into an article as fascinating as Esquire let's have more!

—LORENZO LACROIX  
Oakland, Calif.

Learn to be a reader should be read with you often and the show you reader in the show and the very best of the show. New York, NY. New York, NY. New York, NY. New York, NY.



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# BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

FOR QUITE A FEW of you learned scholars out there, college was the place you first experimented with altered forms of reality—whether it was Plato, a six-pack, or, well, *Esquire*. These were the components of a well-rounded education,



Lynn Darling

and when some look back, it's *Esquire's* college issue that embodies those glorious, all-died-days (or even so hell-well) time. It was in *Esquire* that young men discovered Virginia girls in the Posters, New Journalism in the States and Sexiness and in the Righties, how to stickle that hat for the first time, and building careers.

The issue marks the first time in a decade that *Esquire* has named special sections to campus life. James Salton Marshall, Blackboard (Harvard '94) has put together an eclectic package on everything from the new sexual politics to all events during. Looking a hand in the effort were two sophisticated editors, Chris Romano (Pitt State '89) and Michael Brennan (University of Pennsylvania '88). Of collegiate life, Marshall opines that "students have a tough time. Job prospects are dimming, universities are cutting back services, racial integration is growing, and sex has become an ideological battlefield. That may be the first time ever that older people have reason to be happy they're no longer at college." Maybe so. But it sounds like he can credit a beer.

In our last issue, Dan Arnold ("Sleeping with the Enemy," page 64), Lewis Dettman even to answer that age-old question: How do you make love to a Harvard woman? And Darling ought to know: having graduated from there in 1970. But as she soon found out, no woman has come along who can do the dirty of Lewis. Today's Harvard women live in a world of date rape, sexual harassment, and AIDS. "There is an atmosphere of anger and mourning," says Darling, who was a *Washington Post* writer for eight years and is now a staff writer for *New York Sunday*. And as the students themselves told her, "We know all the ways to say no, but we don't know how to say yes." So, how do you make love to a Harvard woman? Very carefully.

Georg Katonovskis can't remember what he did on leaving Brook when he was a Tuff (class of '77), which would seem to make him an expert on the subject. Though it's gotten out in "How to Win Friends and Vicious City in People" (page 91), Spring Break is no longer for guys with beer helmets and condoms on their hands. Corporate 1980s and crossroad beach-side communities have seen to that. The same writer is by and a columnist for *The New York Observer*. Katonovskis says somewhere wistfully that "despite a fairly disquiet past, I have never been on either end of a beer bong."



Georg Katonovskis

When Paul Reagan was a freshman at the University of New Hampshire in 1976, he heard rumors about the going-on at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst that made his cold turn into a multiple lunged-out chest. Reagan says how the party young boys let down at Boston and Reagan says that Kennedy



Paul Reagan

where his chilling tale is on "Just with the very cover" ("Tabernum Architecture, Red Pond, Burial, Death by Pain and Games," page 94). Reagan, who worked at *New England Monthly* for two and a half years, is now a senior writer at *Philadelphia Magazine*.

In "The Most Powerful Fraternity in America" (page 101), Peter Weiss (Harvard '74—most a stand here) reports the University of Alabama Theta Xi Epitaph (aka the Madsen). This after-dinner has virtually run the student government for the state—for the last eight years. But as Weiss reveals in a surprising way, it's not "as black as finally made it into the fraternity system." Weiss, a coordinating editor at *Play*, is working on his novel, which is currently titled *The Girls' Guide*.



Philip Weiss

Roundup out the package in our survey of one thousand students (page 114), sponsored by RAG Youth, a music research company specializing in the high school and university students.

Finally, a word about our cover art. The image was created on the Macintosh from a 1981 Michael Hubbard photograph of the Red Hot Chili Peppers, who are still very popular on campus.

Progress Report columnist Michael Auerbach has had some terrific stories illustrating himself in the lives of some of Hollywood's most famous celebrities—Jerry Lewis, John Travolta—when an actual line to write about someone's real name. Tom Arnold, we should like sorry for them. Angels who gained eight pounds covering the story ("Tom Arnold and the Little Women," page 104), claims, somewhat remarkably, that the Arnolds are an "abnormal modern couple. They fight over the remote control, over themselves, put him down for us." The third, Amy, for which Arnold wrote the script, play, can be seen due spring on Showtime.



Tom Arnold

"These women chose men the way men chose women," says E. Jean Carroll, describing the NBA playoffs she profiles in "Love in the Time of Magic" (page 116). "They're like a cadre of de mone de Beauvoir." Carroll reports that in spite of Magic Johnson's decision that he is HIV positive, the career basketball around basketball players remains unbroken. "There's honestly a sense of relief," Carroll adds "except around the New Jersey Nets." ■

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were cut roles it may cause misery at the yacht club.)

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# MAN AT HIS BEST

EDITED BY ANITA LECLERC

FILM

## Uncovered

**A**VEN EGYPTIAN is that rare filmmaker who wants to take our hearts away from comfort any race, the ones supplied by cinematic culture. "We're so overwhelmed by positive images of Egypt," says the Canadian director. With his new movie, *The Adjourner* (his first as screenwriter), U.S. distributors, Egyptian fans as well as a remedial voice actress enough to be deaf, funny, and stay at the same time.

The inspiration for the film was his parents' loose hunting down three years ago, shifting through his nation to the east, the Egyptian filmmaker (his father) with the job of the immigrant adjourner. In *The Adjourner*, Noah Bender (Ella Kassar) is obsessed with figuring out what things people need to have replaced in order to be themselves again. ("You're an asshole," he keeps telling the first victim, even when they're not.) Noah's wife, Hana, played by Amal Klayman (the director's wife in real life, actress wife in a different way, as a government censor of pornographic movies). Now, nationalism and censorship may seem like awkward targets, but it should be said that Egyptian takes some very seriously angled shots. Hana keeps home her secret secrets to her immigrant status, who plays them out and over again—does a wedding leap. The same can't speak English, pornography becomes her window on a larger world, an extension of her new home. (For Egypt, an American-Canadian who spent the first two years of his life in Cairo, the idea of home has always seemed an uncertain fantasy.)

If it is the filmmaker's stated intention that we should question "why we watch ourselves as objects" doesn't he find a guilty thrill capturing our attention with such personal exploration: the stars and her VCR, Noah methodically having sex with each of his clients (even at a time when it comes to covering personal ambivalence one artistic graft). Egypt explains, "I find a guilty thrill all the time." —Jason Moore

**THE IMAGE STRIPPERS:** Avner Egypci with Amal Klayman, posing back the consumer center to behold the strangeness of middle-class life.



ACCESSORIES

## Designer Genes

**H**ow do you suppose these three fellows managed this feat at virtually the same moment in time? Of course, the urge to own one of these expensive and high-maintenance little accessories is always with us, but these three new fathers are not ordinary humans. Their parents are (from left) Jeremy Hillier, Joseph Aboud, and Alexander ju-

lian, and this winter they all miraculously decided to take their (respective) offspring out to receive runway applause at the end of their (respective) fall '90 fashion shows. Was it pure biological coincidence? Or, duh, duh, duh, not tube-inspired plot? This year, according to



THE KENTUCKY DERBY

In the fifty-nine years that the Experimental Free Handicap has been compiled, only one horse, back in 1942, has been rated higher than this year's Kentucky Derby favorite, Arzet, "the French horse," though born in the U.S., has snared the heights of the purlieu French runner François Boutin. He won six out of his seven starts in France, then came stateside in November to win the Breeders' Cup Juvenile, coming from the back of the pack to demolish thirteen other colts. Now, by all accounts, he's poised to take the Derby. But there is a nagging worry. Historically, French horses are a bit unknown on U.S. tracks. In France, horses race the other way—clockwise—and on grass. Just a tip. ■

**THE FRENCH HORSE:** Arzet, the horse with the French connection



## HEALTH WATCH

**FATS THAT TALK-ON:** Adipicic acid contains a potent natural toxin called conotoxin. Concerned about potential risks to health from beefs and salad buffets, researchers undertook a study on "the effects of adipicic acid on metabolism." One third of the subjects developed autoimmune disorders and other "significant abnormalities."

**Revenge of the cheeseburgers:**

Along with great jobs of animal fat and meat gone, cheese has the best and there is your huge also happen to contain an enzyme, caseinogen, which is called caseinogen. According to the study of Wisconsin, caseinogen is a protein found in milk that has been found to be a source of cancer. High consumption seems to increase the risk of getting (including high-protein diets). What is the source of one food's cancer? One of the richest sources in the world?

**CAPN' CHURCH: OUR MORE THAN EVER**

But in a San Bernardino job were forced to eat either pork or sugar-sweetened ketchup a day. One month later, the workers were killed from the top bosses, unions, actors, sugar.

**CLEAN-ATE ALERT: BEING CHARGED AGAIN**

Meaning: The layer of meat over a polished city becomes the same UV-blocking, skin-preserving kind of skin as does the same layer. Based on our calculations, closing up the air in Los Angeles over the past decade," reports University of Chicago atmospheric sciences John Pendergast, "we could reduce levels to increase one and one-half times as rapidly as they would if they left the air dirty."

**DEW BONES GONNA BONE:** Taking calcium to build up bone? You may also be building up lead. The latest FDA analysis of calcium supplements—all types—found from two to twelve micrograms of lead in an RDA's worth. (The RDA's mean level for lead in water is 100 micrograms per liter) In the case of lead, the FDA says, "the lead in the water is not a health risk." —MARY ROSS

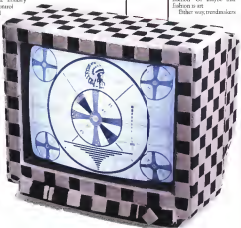


# Hardcore Television

WITH THE AUTHENTICITY of an agent recycling old secrets for syndication, John Wills buys television sets, strips them of their plastic shells, and repackages them in steel and concrete. Looking at the sets, which are shown and sold at the site Modern gallery in New York, you see that Wills takes television seriously. He's clearly a hardcore user. His TVs are industrial strength—virtual Porsche-spec devices, housed in military communications and control centers, plated and protected as if against electronic countermeasures.

Some are checkered like movie blockhouses. Others wear their sets and bolts proudly. They look like security monitors, bolted inside steel plate, speakers track or clips like in their foreheads. On the screens, Wills likes to display an old-fashioned test pattern—a rarity in these days of endless programming. Maybe, he seems to be saying, it matters less what's on TV than what TV it's on.

**ADAPTATION THE TEST:** John Wills' aluminum TV and AM/FM radio, above; blockhouse TV, right.



YOU DEFINITELY won't find it on a newspaper. But should you be browsing at the Roman Gogh boutique, say, or MoMA's bookstore, or Le Musée des Arts Décoratifs in the Louvre, you might pick up the latest issue of *Visionaire*, an unbound portfolio of photographs, sketches, and the occasional word, all presented in a beautiful package that seems to advance the idea that art is fashion. Or maybe that fashion is art.

Either way, trendsetters

# I'm Too Sexy for My Magazine

seem to find the oblique "albums of inspiration" indispensable. (Jeffrey Berner sent his chauffeur to pick up a copy, Vogue editor Anna Wintour simply phoned in her subscription—212-691-0111.) To the layman (i.e., you), *Visionaire* might seem like the emperor's new fashion rag, but it's actually has a sense of humor—an indispensable quality for a magazine that costs \$10 an issue, lists number four, titled "Heaven" (every season has a theme; the new spring issue is "The Future").

includes a mouth of fashion silk designed by Todd Oldham, rare pieces from Pierre et Gilles' campy *Saints* series, and a Ziploc baggie of "heaven confetti" by designer Martin Margiela. What does all this have to do with heaven or even style? Who knows! *Visionaire* like fashion, doesn't come with instructions. —WILLIAM PENDERGAST

**ART IN A BAG:** *Visionaire*—more than a fashion magazine, it's a grab bag of style and art.



SIGN OF THE TIMES

# Reach Out and Touch Someone

PERHAPS IT'S TIME for us all to take a moment and salute the French for yet another innovation d'amour, namely, the home delivery of condoms, anywhere in Paris, by a new service called SOS Préservatifs. Get the urge anytime you're in the City of Light, and then just cocaine yourself for that important little call. As we might expect, peak hours are between 10:00 and 2 a.m. Late-night New York and L.A. pharmacists: Get on the ball.




KURT LUDER *On the Charts*

# You've Got My Mind Messed Up


**RARE CHOICE:** James Carr brings home the deep-end form

**J**AMES CARR (Pink, Japanese) brought his first album in 10 years back to the top of the charts this week, and the return was more than just a triumph. Carr's new album, *The World Is Out (You Don't Want Me)*, is a collection of songs that Carr wrote over the past few years, and it's a collection that Carr has been working on for a long time. Carr's music is a blend of soul, funk, and R&B, and it's a sound that Carr has been perfecting for decades. Carr's music is a blend of soul, funk, and R&B, and it's a sound that Carr has been perfecting for decades.

## Gaia Dance

**PARADISE (IFANET BARTH)** Duffy and Janelle Monáe's pop music is already a rule-breaker among musical ethnostats. In *Paradise*, Duffy and Janelle Monáe's pop music is already a rule-breaker among musical ethnostats. In *Paradise*, Duffy and Janelle Monáe's pop music is already a rule-breaker among musical ethnostats. In *Paradise*, Duffy and Janelle Monáe's pop music is already a rule-breaker among musical ethnostats.

The Munich Philharmonic Orchestra Plays Abba Classic (Admission) Astonishingly, a deconstruction

as to a companion release (see page 10) called *A Man Needs a Woman*. Carr's music is a blend of soul, funk, and R&B, and it's a sound that Carr has been perfecting for decades.

James Carr himself may be a little better story. As a former bluesman and jazz singer, Carr has been working on his music for decades. Carr's music is a blend of soul, funk, and R&B, and it's a sound that Carr has been perfecting for decades.

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## Miserere

**ADVO PRAT (SCM)** Carr's music is a blend of soul, funk, and R&B, and it's a sound that Carr has been perfecting for decades.

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**WANTED MAN:** Anyone for a little unashamed redemption? Charles 'Foxy Boy' Floyd, alone the man with the plan, 1939.

## How to Beat the New Depression

**T**WICE COME HOME when it's not my turn to be there but not the book. Not the man. Depression. Tally writer Michael Wallis offers an old-fashioned Charles 'Foxy Boy' Floyd in *Petty Boy: The Life and Times of Charles Arthur Floyd* (St. Martin's Press). Wallis fearlessly reveals not another man when the country's chief prosecution went completely wrong: bankruptcy and a life GNP. Floyd, who was never called Foxy Boy by anyone who really knew him, was the great Robin Hood rounded

ton between "bank robbers" like Floyd and "gangsters" like Capone. Like Jesse James before him, Floyd came to the ignominious conclusion that when up against it, the only way out was to simply relieve bankers of their money. And then, when the government came to get him, Floyd came to the ignominious conclusion that when up against it, the only way out was to simply relieve bankers of their money. And then, when the government came to get him, Floyd came to the ignominious conclusion that when up against it, the only way out was to simply relieve bankers of their money.



public enemy number one son of Soliman, Oklahoma (son of a banker's kid). And he made his name the last time prospect was this bad, the no-go 1930s. Wallis is a conscious work, describing the rise of history to dear up a few misadventures. "I'm not trying to glorify Charles Floyd," he explains. "He did rob banks and kill people. But there was a time when the government was blaming him for bad weather."

Floyd in fact took to his own life's work the willful redistribution of Don Quixote's wealth, such as it was. But Wallis is right to draw the line

## Books of the Month

### The Age of Missing Information

By Bill McKibben  
(Random House)

**S**OMEHOW Bill McKibben, a student of the environmentalist *The End of Nature*, managed to survive almost two thousand hours of a day in the life of the monolithic Fairfax, Virginia, cable-television system without losing his mind. To write his new book, a very appraisal of our mass culture, McKibben watched what all our hundred channels had to offer on May 3, 1990. He presented it, mailed it, marvelled at it, and then fled to the mountains behind his house to seek solace in a place that isn't there. There he donated a) nature good, b) TV bad, and c) man dumb and getting dumber. The forecast is both literal and metaphorical. Says McKibben, "The world, were it composed of a billion Brady Bunches would buckle under the environmental strain." Truthfully, it would only take like half a billion. Right? ■



**UNFLOORED:** Bill McKibben—He likes to read, not watch.

# GUCCI



M A N A T H I S B E

MEDIA



**MAKER 'N' MODEL:** Look for punk girls and more!

## Armed and Feminine

**A** TRADITION, grown Here's another compelling reason not to make that loud comment at the passing skirt. *Mimes* by Gucci has arrived in your neighborhood neighborhood. The magazine has a media column ("More Armed Women Featured in Magazines"), reader surveys (47 percent carry heat 100 percent of the time), fashion accessories to enhance performance ("It's only good if you draw it in time!"), and plenty of sidearms (Glock 45's are big this year). It's about empowerment and self-defense. And the joy of artillery that'll fit in a handbag. Consider yourself warned.

PHIL PATTON Design

## A Bicycle Built for 2001

**F**OR YEARS on design, we have dreamed up show cars that tease us with what they promise to deliver to

showrooms. Now bicycle makers have begun to do the same thing. Robert Taylor and Dave Schuler—the first industrial designers hired to work on bicycles, and themselves real bikers—have produced a series of concept bikes for Specialized Bicycles. Compagnon, one of the leaders of the new generation of bike makers.

The Metro is Specialized's vision of an urban commuter bike, as low enough to hop-on with breakfast in hand, equipped with motorcycle-style brakes and an electronic transmission, riding a phone-spoke wheel on the front, and a disc on the back into which a lockable metal folds flush. The Metro comes with its own built-in cable and lock, which for some reason no one has ever thought of before, and maximum road-guard—clamped-

down version of those on your old Schwinn. On the FRC-Puritan. Shady. Experimental—resumes bike, the rest is covered back on a kind of flying baronet. The body swings forward on three-spoke wheels, each set not in the traditional fork but on a



**DRIVING INTO THE FUTURE:**

The FRC, along the Metro, below single supporting "blade," like a parashut or a space station, all bowing for easy changing of tires. The new design also a message of a technological revolution in the bike world. Already,

diamond, carbon composite, and "metal matrix composite" produce stronger lighter bodies. Gears no longer stop at ten and are dated or twisted in, mechanically and easily. Shady absorbs like those on mountain bikes are becoming standard on high-end bicycles. There are titanium pedals and Kevlar tires, automatic transmission is on the horizon.

But the sharply full bodies of the new bikes are structural not just covering shells. The change is as dramatic as that from the space-age-and-we're-better to the controlled fuselage motorcycle of the 1970s. "We want to put more aerodynamic lines into bikes," Schuler says. The resulting look is part Rick Rogers, part streamlined Schwinn, some tape. We can imagine ourselves riding these futuristic bikes today because they remind us of the futuristic bikes of yesterday.



It's time for a change to Gallo.

*Bring out the delicate flavors of this salmon mousseline with our California Chardonnay. Its fresh, inviting taste is a natural with today's cuisine.*





PAUL SCHNEIDER House Hunting

# The Capital Escape



**THE POLITICAL WILDERNESS:** After a long week on the Hill and two short hours in the car, you can be at home in the hills.

**THE PLACE:** Rappahannock County, Virginia. Long a scenic escape for a few influential lawmakers, environmental lobbyists, film makers, and others who are poorer than senators but bring home more than compensation, the county was recently exposed by *The Washington Post* as the "in" place to buy in 1991.

**WHO'S THERE?** Hard numbers on the newcomers are hard to come by: the county of 10,000 says, but local realtors claim added two more in the past three years to serve the newcomers.

**CHOOSE YOUR LIFESTYLE:** In the hills, the favored style is rustic cabin with views of the valley. Others in the valley is a old farm, or occasionally hideaway federal style, with views of the hills.

**THE HARBOR:** Focus on down somewhat—say to preserve—though not as dramatically as they might be some local law inclined to just around for recovery. Expect no pop programs for the usual array of recreational amenities: views, water, outbuildings, integrity, driving time to the metropolis—as

well as for the more unusual privilege of sharing a boundary with the 195,400-acre Shenandoah National Park. Recent listings include an eighteenth-century log cabin on 104 acres with a pond, stream, views, and horse sheds; for \$150,000 a completely renovated farmhouse on a seven-acre wooded acre bordering the national park for \$200,000 and a contemporary cottage with river frontage for \$199,000. You can find lower prices—given the median home value in the county is \$146,000—but chances are the places under auction will not be anywhere you would want to go for the weekend. And you certainly can find higher. A "charming, small rustic house" built around 1800 is available with 19 acres and several buildings—newbuildings for \$160,000.

**THE OUTLOOK:** Compared to the frenetic D.C. escape counties Rappahannock County is underexposed. There's been an 11 percent growth over the past decade, but this means only that the population is up to a less than whopping 6,700. Why, most Rappahannock are intent on keeping things quiet, twenty-five-acre tracts in almost all rural areas and strong preservation movements in each of the six villages have helped.

To keep the capital crowd at bay, newcomers can look forward to many years before having to leave being overtaken by newcomers.

## THE LISTING

**Winchester Vine Farm, Sperryville, Virginia.** Built in 1880, it comes with sixteen acres, barn with hay sheds, pump house, stream, and recreational views. Occasional starting point of the annual Rappahannock Fox Hunt. Bring your own horse. Annual taxes. **Block:** Asking \$170,000. **Source:** Wilson W. Day Properties.

**HISTORICAL NOTE:** The star of Rappahannock County is "Itala" Washington, Virginia, who, besides being the widow of twenty-eight terms earned after the first president is the only one actually laid out by George Mason (in 1746). Of greater geographic significance is the fact at Little Washington the nation's first and only five-star, five-diamond inn and restaurant is



# BANANA REPUBLIC





single file to support for their careers. Clinton ultimately won out because Carville and Begala judged him to be the most fully formed candidate, "the guy who had thought most about what he would do if he were handed the keys to the kingdom."

Now the two have become something close to intimates in the national press and success to win happy Democratic activists. Carville in particular has become a media magnet. Featured on news stories and showing up on a page of national publications talk shows, especially in the wake of the Governor Packer allegations. "Everybody wants to do a story on James," Begala explained. "Mostly stuff about who his mama or who's his age" (Mr. Carville is a Scorpio).

Now, a little of the *Who's Your Man?* What's Your Sign school of journalism can be lost. This is the case of these two guys, those thoughtless micrographs of the Washington press corps have paid less attention to how and why they continue to win than to how Carville doesn't change his underwear during the last week of a close race or to his curious obsession with *The Andy Griffith Show* (he has a framed portrait of Deputy Barney Fife on his office wall against "For James—the only person more nervous than me, Barney"). And there's his affair with the President's woman—both a political disaster and ethical Republican blemish—Mary Blended. The relationship, at said, is on ice until after November 3. If the specter of forbidden love is as strong enough to fill column inches, Carville's hypocritical, garbage-dog, dinnertime and generally Capote seems also prove irresistible to a national press with a known appetite for snappy quotes from a southern statesman. From Harry Long to LBJ to Jim Hightower to Lee Annas, they're always made good copy.

The forty-seven-year-old Carville is no exception. He grew up just south of Baton Rouge in Carville, Louisiana, a fly-by-night on the Mississippi River named for his grandfather. About the only residents in the town are other Carvilles or the relatives of lawyers who inherit the sole businesses in the continental United States. This colony's life in Carville's political development is here among those closest to him (growing up with a biblical plague in the back yard would probably give anyone a stronger sense of the threat). But he doesn't talk about it much.

**"The Dukakis campaign," sniffs Begala, "was political malpractice, plain and simple."**

He prefers instead to talk about Harper Lee, author of *To Kill a Mockingbird*, whom he cites often as his greatest political influence. "I grew up in integrated schools, lived in a segregated town. I read that book and thought, 'Well, she's right, and everything I was that premature.'"

He met Begala, now thirty, in 1989, when both agreed on to the US Senate campaign of Lloyd Doggett, then a liberal state senator from Austin. Both came to that campaign as a day rat for later work. Begala, just graduated from the University of Texas, quickly dis-

gusted himself as a gifted speech writer. And with Carville he coordinated some fairly outrageous guerrilla stunts that got the anti-establishment campaign noticed. During the Democratic primary campaign, they convinced Doggett to parade around the state wearing a plume sprig, repeating the refrain "You've got to have backbone to fight for Texas." The man with the running sprig was their leading opponent, former congressman Bob Krueger. Begala's original idea for the slogan was "You've got to have guts to fight for Texas." Carville screwed up his line: "You, you can't have the man revealing up there holding guts in his hands, you need a prep, you need a visual!" The graphic message got picked up by many media outlets from Houston to El Paso. Doggett won the primary.

**E**IGHT YEARS LATER, the two have gone national, and they have an even stronger appetite for Ten-Min and opponent-bashing. It's headbashing in Washington, and over topics at the Lumbia One on Pennsylvania Avenue, they are exploring their ongoing fight for the heart and soul of the Democratic party. The way they see it, there is now an unspoken struggle between the party's liberal elite and its pragmatism. This issue is perhaps more revealing of their media exploits. They find themselves in the unusual position, as liberals of being out of fashion course with a lot of liberal activists. "They if don't want to be happy," complains Carville, digging into the chips, "and I don't want anybody else to be happy. And they would rather lose and talk about how stupid people are than win and get something done."

It's clear that he has done as much, in fact, for what he sees as threatened liberties within his own party as he does for the Republicans.

"The Supreme Court that we have now was brought to us by liberal interest groups that kept insisting that Democratic presidential candidates jump through these narrow ideological hoops to satisfy their fundraising purposes. (Sigh) This is the Washington liberal interest-group court. They have conducted a lecture prior from the country because of their interest on ideology and purity."

"They devour their young," adds Begala, who, as usual, is less agitated than Carville, who is now in high dudgeon, fished in the face, screaming the air on every point with a remote clip. This is a grievance. "It's like this, okay? Candidate A is for unconditional delivery of abortion services but has the child for her law violators, twenty girls under the age of fourteen. Candidate B is for a single parental source with judicial bypass, but is for all child labor laws. Who you gonna support? The truth is, abortion-right activists don't care about fourteen-year-old girls in Canada unless their abortion right is threatened. Now I don't understand that."

Liberals say Carville and Begala have been getting their horns kicked on social issues—the death penalty and gun control, for instance. Conservatives see more vulnerable on economic concerns—tax breaks for the rich and so on—fairly common issues that have traditionally represented the strength of the Democratic party. "Duke Dukakis was owned by all the Willie Horton run-bearings," sniffs Begala. "He was on his back the whole time, responding to these issues, but they never moved the debate. His campaign was political malpractice, plain and simple."

These perceptions for Democrats make it beautiful for an employer. Assume the negative. Or rather, smother Republicans on weak spots. Then attack again. Some thing national Democratic politicians have failed to do for a long time.

As Carville and Begala have the national scene, several doors roll out to them. They're getting used to being recognized, especially here in the President's neighborhood. Outside on the sidewalk, times are good for a Clinton vendor. The latest sales are ridiculous: "go-go the white t-shirt and HAWAIIAN SHIRT I LET HAWAII VOTE REPUBLICAN. Begala says and picks up one of the latter for his mother. "She's gonna love that," he says.

**B**ACK AT THE OFFICE, Begala pulls a Bible out. A national on message does a phone in at hand. "Okay, time out," he says. "John 3:16. 'For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that



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## AMERICAN SCENE

whoever believes in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." Beggs closes the Bible and looks around for a glimpse of understanding.

"Seniors people," he begins, "think you can't convey much information in a few seconds time. In under nine seconds I put most of the philosophies here for all Christians, several very complicated concepts." Ah, the elemental power of mankind's first sound bite. "In Pseudepistola," Beggs says, "when Jesus was crucified he died as confirming his message to a certain form, I said, 'Seniors, if God Almighty can do it in eight seconds, can't you can tell people you're for natural health care in that much time. Did the same with Governor Clinton. Come to think of it, he will live my Bible.'"

Once the message has been shortened to a concise point, the trick is to have a candidate repeat it every time he opens his mouth. The goal is to have a hole in a voter's forehead and fill it with one simple theme by one repeat and. Which explains why every other phrase Bill Clinton utters is some variation of "I'm gonna middle class," an offense he was lambasted for in The New York Times by lobbyist Ted Via Doyle. "Clinton must stop his shameless pandering to the middle class. You just can't buy that kind of publicity."

It's another fine example of the laws of the political universe. Two thirty-second words can occupy the same space at the same time, often leading to other words. One word's pandering is another man's sin in the book. Ironically, one truth will prevail only to be prevailed upon in turn. All in the great, unending vortex of natural spin.

The Clinton man has spent at least three of nine languishing in the dead vortex, but so have more than a dozen than the special edition of 500,000 books in January that inspired the absurd spectacle of their loss selling furiously to as many people as their loss troubled marriage. The conspicuous campaign event was staged in a third-floor room at the Sheraton in Boston. The taping took the better part of two hours, during which a rambling blue light brightened the microphone by almost blinding Mr. Clinton. The campaign team had crowded into a makeshift control booth in an adjoining room, where the Boston executive producer Don Howard presided over a crew of four women. At one point Howard, ruled by Carole and Beggs, left the booth to approach Clinton and, kneeling next to him, whispered, "Shut answers, governor. If you can give a defense you or no, it would be

The difference between dressed, and well dressed.

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best." His answer was clear: A vet would make the best possible admission. But Heaven was not on the ballot in New Hampshire. The fire beside them crackled loudly. The governor listened politely. Standing next to Clinton, Brady shook his head no.

Back in the control booth, *Flower* didn't exactly get her wish that a sampling moment in the program—like when Clinton is interrupted, murmuring Dave Koz, thundering, "What next? This is not an announcement, this is a message. This is something quite different!"—*Flower* would punch the air, yelling, "Yes! That's great!" By the end, Carolee was completely on-grid, wrapping up the episode with the two-mile stare of a scowling virgin.

**B**UT IN THE AFTERNOON of the New Hampshire primary, James Caviezel was a man transformed. Early-mid-poll results roared through the Days Street lobby, began to surge with reporters who had been making the rounds downstairs. They brought excited offerings of numbers, snatching rumors. The place was lit by MSNBC's standard redness. Word was that "second things are happening." The reporters talked to the staff, gauging early reactions. "These numbers are looking amazing."

what do you make of it? The staff talked back to the press. "Bill Clinton has been shy and that is more than anybody in American presidential politics and here staff among Cranbrook Hall? The message, it seemed, was clearer: journalists and columnists engaged in the famous act of telling, reporting, and being told. It was a quiet choice, the *Journal* Effect of American politics, a fresh alignment of press and politician.

[illegible]

Humphrey Rapalloizes! That would be like James leaving a straw poll at his mother's house! And they say we have a weak field! Look who they're stuck with: a blue island and a legend!

Campaign pollster Stan Greenberg ran into the same "The forgotten middle-class there is working with blue collar and service workers," he said. "The mood is definitely anti-establishment. Crusade for change. That's what the Bushman and Brown members are offering at The moment has arrived."

It was late new time for Corville to catch his plane to Atlanta. A reporter was at the arrivals gate he was leaving. "We didn't have time to sit and interview about the last few years I got Corville on my mind." As he walked through the lobby he turned to say goodbye to Hillary Clinton. "Hey Hillary," he called after her. "now we can get down there and have some fun doing so kind of campaign?" A day that began with Corville meeting with his cousin ended with him shouting rascally at Clinton's wife up on the balcony. She frowned. Absolutely left good. They certainly had colored, it lost for a time, the racial meaning of the Democratic fence-sitters, and Corville and Regis were headed for the South.



## The Verdict Is Clear

“... I could smile in his hand,” — *Rolling Stone*  
 “A stirring, brilliantly balanced album,” — *Maxwell Colston*  
 “Wray’s Vaughan’s best album, period,” — *Positive Online*  
 “We just enjoyed, but eternal,” — *Deluxe*  
 “Vaughan left a legacy worthy of his heroes,” — *Freeds*  
 “Vaughan at his loudest best, a must,” — *Los Angeles Times*  
 “...” — *Guitar World*  
 “So good, it’s amazing,” — *San Antonio Express-News*

### "The Sky Is Crying"

The critically-acclaimed Platinum album from Stevie Ray Vaughan and Double Trouble—ten previously-unreleased studio tracks including *The Sky Is Crying*, *Life By The Drop*, and *Little Wing*.

## Stevie Ray Vaughan and Double Trouble

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*Journal of Management Education* 34(10)

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## THE SPORTING LIFE: MIKE LUPICA

### The Short Happy Life of Kirby Puckett



THE WORLD SERIES MOVED through the lobby of the Hyatt Hotel in Minneapolis, wearing a gray sweat shirt, jeans, and an unmarked blue baseball cap. The World Series was built like a keg, came smiling and talking fast. There were football logos everywhere and television lights from Ray Penzone's ESPN show off to the right, as Super Bowl week, a silly football March Madness, rolled on toward Sunday's game between the Redskins and the Bills. But for these few moments, in the middle of all this noisy hype, everything seemed to hush for this thirty-one-year-old man, who looked even smaller than he does in a baseball uniform and maybe a bit more rounded off.

The Super Bowl had no chance in the matter. It had to take note of him. It had to move aside. Maybe, in another city, he could have made it to the parking lot breeder. This was Minneapolis, though. And the little man in the sweat shirt was Kirby Puckett.

"Hey, Kirby, what's our baseball man doing in this football place?" a woman said, handing him a piece of paper to autograph. Puckett laughed and signed his name.

"Been like this wherever I've been," he said, people all around him now. "Here, Palm Springs, Las Vegas. Haven't mattered. That World Series sure seemed to make people happy, you know?"

It was an unforgettable series between two lost-to-first-place teams, with an awful lot of trash talking every game, it seemed, turning on some play at the plate or the right's last swing. The one gear swing belonged to Kirby Puckett, who scored the Twins in game six with an eleventh-inning home run, the kind of shot that comes out of one October and lands in all those that follow.

He used to be the biggest guy on payroll. Two years ago, he signed a three-year contract for 10 million and became, for about twenty minutes, the highest-paid player in baseball. Now it seems as if the whole world has passed him. But Puckett has never once complained. He has never asked to renegotiate. He kept playing the joyful game of baseball.

Joe Kapp, the old Vikings quarterback, came over to shake his hand. Puckett finally broke away from the crowd and got to the revolving doors, and then to the Jeep he had parked out front.

"You want me to go through life looking sad when I'm making three...million...dollar a year to play a game?" he said, standing there, looking like some kid who had just stopped by for an autograph. "Hey, I'm living out my dream every day."

He's only five foot eight, but he's one of the biggest men in baseball.

WHEN I GOT into this game," Puckett says, "you know what I dreamed about making? Hundred thousand a year. If I could make a hundred thousand, I figured I'd be an easy star."

We had been talking about all the amazing baseball contracts handed out over the winter to Bobby Bonds and Barry Larkin and Danny Taraboff.

"You might think I'm lying," he says, "but I don't worry about the money. I really don't. It's a waste for me to make that kind of money now that it's my turn again. I will. When I signed my contract two years ago, my agent [Ron Shapiro] said, 'I just want you to understand that if you sign this contract, people are going to pass you.' I signed the contract for three...million...a...year."

He spaces the words out, smiling, wanting you to know he knows it's a lot.



Kelly Padon, one of the Robert Taylor House, a project on the South Side of Chicago, doesn't seem to cherish it as a crutch to feel lucky about the baseball life. You want all players to score like him? You want there to be a little happy about the money they are paid to play the game? Kelly Henderson has never been satisfied with one of his contracts for more than nine or ten years. During Super Bowl week, Thomas Thomas of the Bills complained about recognition.

He was really talking about money. Darrell Strawberry likes having that old recognition come as much as he likes being baseball. Patrick Boring, affixed a pay-without-play as someone by the Braves last summer, used to correct me out in his contract because he thought he could do even better on the open market. On and on it goes. You want some one to come along and end the players' rights, take them away so that the games can be turned over to the Padons of the world.

Baseball men have always come in different cuts. That's one of the game's enduring and essential shenanigans. Baseballers play for the most part, on off of a certain height. Fast ball players fit into single chains depending on their position. Baseball has never been like that. Baseball has Mike Smith and Ted Williams. It has Phil Simmon and Barry Manon, both great shortstops. It has Woody Ford and Fernando Valenzuela. And these days, it has a son not just better in Souths named Randy Johnson.

Padon laughs when he talks about his body. "People always come up to me and say, 'Man, I thought you were bigger.'" He says "I shake my head and say, 'Nope, this is it.' This is the way I look. You don't get to pick your body. God just hands 'em out as he sees fit. Would I like to be six four or six five, he tell and then, look, Mike Darrell Strawberry? Sure, that would be cool. Dude's work out the way though. I got what I got."

His batting average sinks third among all active players. He scores more runs a season, and doesn't hit single-fives. Between July and July, he missed a total of fourteen regular season games.

Padon will play you some center-field too, play it with flair, climb a wall as he did in the World Series, hanging in the air like Spud Webb to make a game-saving catch. He has World Series rings from 1981 and 1991, one major league batting title, and

"I see guys in the big leagues from those nice grassy fields in the suburbs and I want to say, 'You have no idea.'"

the Gold Glove medals.

As he prepares to sign what he says will be the last contract of his baseball life, Padon knows he will command a lot of money. He has seen what happened to the market. There is no reason to be here. It will not continue, as he sees it, baseball's contract work. CBS and ESPN agree. Scouting during the summer or after the season, he will have to

decide whether to stay with the Twins. He loves Minneapolis and says it will be his home, no matter what. He likes playing for managers. Tom Kelly, one of the best there is.

"But hey, let's face it, business is business," he says. "I don't really think about it. I worry about being consistent. The Twins will make a decision when the time comes. If under a decision, there won't be any hard feelings. I'll have to go. I have to go."

Stopping a soft drink, relaxed, finally, after a World Series—he says he didn't sleep well for six weeks because of all the new games—Padon leans back in his chair. The competitive streak is in the you, but you can't see that from the way he sits up in the Twins. The man makes it look like a day that was back for baseball. Padon looks like he would love to go back to his old ball.

"I think of myself as an average person," he says. "The never thought I was God's greatest gift to the game of baseball. But I came in smiling and I'm gonna leave smiling."

**I**ET SOME OF THREE COPS in the big leagues, Padon says, "who came from those nice grassy fields in the suburbs and I just want to say 'You have no idea.' But I wouldn't have wanted to grow up any other way."

Kelly Padon talks about a childhood balling around baseball and dreams, about following baseball diamonds on the street, putting them down, and having the ball as far as you could, running around those bases two and three down until some body chased the ball down. He talks about making career mistakes into the side of a building, with chills or a cone, one of his friends picking a rubber ball.

"Even when I was eight years old, I took like something special," he says, "because when I was eight, I was already playing with kids who were older."

The youngest of three children, Padon lived in the projects on Perry Street, less than a mile from the old Comiskey Park. At night, William and Catherine Padon would hear a constant clatter from his bedroom, where imaginary games were being played with old and new and aluminum-bell bats. His father worked two jobs—mostly as a machinist—to support his family.

"People ask me who my heroes are, and I tell them Willie Mays and Billy Williams," Padon says. "But I always make sure to say that they are my heroes for playing ball. My heroes in life are my mother and father, not just on the way they did."

Padon did not play organized baseball until high school. By the age of fifteen he was a third-base star for a summer team called the Chicago Pioneers. There were professional players in the game, but the kid at third was faster than most of them. He passed the big leagues in July of 1976, scored points, up close, numbers, and they kept getting better. Soon nobody was making fun of Padon's size or shape anymore. In 1978, he hit .324 with twenty-eight homers and ninety-nine RBIs. The Twins were the World Series. Last year Minnesota came from last place to win the American League West and drove his walk, taking from Charles Leake's run to left, with the home run that made him one of the biggest guys in baseball, even at five feet eight inches tall.

A baseball career that had begun as the obscurity of the Robert Taylor House—Kelly Padon and a strike zone someone scratched into the side of a building, a baseball would no longer than that was suddenly the center of all this noise.

"People ask me all the time if I know that ball was out," he says. "Well no I didn't know it was out until I was coming around first and saw the umpire waving. That I was about as happy as you could be."

He stands up and puts his baseball cap back on, saying it shows how "You can't miss getting the ball from the South Side of Chicago." "You know what I dream about?" he says. "See one team, I'd like to retire. I want to draw some strike zones, go on a rubber ball and have a game."

Padon makes a motion in the air as if from the front, drawing an imaginary square. Then he goes into his batting stance. "Go a week and a half and a strike zone," he says. "The some balls might be a window."

Kelly Padon under one last one. "Wouldn't that be sweet?"

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**OFF-CAMERA VOICE:** Then you're obviously familiar with these parts?

**MAW:** Yeah, I've lived here my whole life.

**(MUSIC)** 



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## THE RAW AND THE COOKED: JIM HARRISON

### Contact



**L**ATE ON THE EVE of my departure for Apache and Papago country in the Southwest, I had occasion (boredom) to watch a feature on reincarnation on the Arts & Entertainment channel. The program was morbidly silly, with none of the female nudity one hopes for in late-night snail-like scuzzing. My youth was pre-Playboy, far before the photographic ogre-gazing of the present, and my interest in naked women is a holdover from those times.

A farm boy down the road owned a nude photo of an actress. I think it was a youthful Barbara Stanwyck, which was the envy of the neighborhood at a naked peak. We would spring our little woodies and drift across the hay stubble toward the woodlot, all assemblage with hormonal torment.

Back to reincarnation and the mysteries of continuing re-occurrence, it all must be true or the program wouldn't have been on such a tony channel. To be frank, I sensed out, imagining the modernized one. I was on the verge of living in near the Mexican border, then a segue into dreams of past lives where I was presumably a starving infant, which certainly clarified present ad-hoc hunger. In most of these previous lives I was merely pached off a cliff, thrown in a river, or abandoned on an arid fire, never *balutches*. In the Apuanes in ancient Tuscany my tiny body was left with a family of wolves who tried to feed me masticated rabbits, but I had no teeth and died anyway, thus explaining a fondness for wolves, rabbit stew, red wine, and garbs. On a hillside of the Dolomites, Viking women wrapped in diaphanous without smiles stood over my little head praying to Odin before I was booted into the air, watching puffins

and *tharwaten* on the way down before I plunged to my death into a flock of swooning sea ducks, a ready explanation for my interest both in women and in bird-watching. I was also the underbound measuring of a handsome girl and a screenwriter working for D. W. Griffith, which identifies a notable lack of success in this area.

Once you get the hang of this past-life thing, it is not hard to stop the process. So far I have been limited to the unless human form dramatically transcended by circumstance, though I'm sure when I become properly attuned, I will discover I have been flowers, trees, conopsea, snakes, even a dreadful maggot, though hopefully not a piglet raised for a Republican fundraiser.

So great was the stress of this revelation that I depa-

rtfully, woke early, and immediately set about making a recreation possible of elk shoulder, seafoam shanks, and deer heart. This would be a soup course, to which I would add an appetizer of roasted doves and a main course of sautéed largemouth black bass from Florida, for a group of seven guests. It did not occur to me that none of them were likely to have eaten this meal before, adversely a somewhat eccentric menu. The menu, though, helped me in the difficult process of discovering what I had been thinking about. For instance, why does it drive me crazy to cook the same dinner within the same year? An overeating habit at best that separates a filar armory for originality at the cost of sanity.

Which brings us to the theme for today: how not to be ensnared lifeless by habituation and conditioning. To be honest, there had been a recent berfday, a moment that seems to occur at varied times each year



Don't become a creature of habit, and don't feed a bird dog a roast beef sandwich

due to the artificiality of some prescription Birthdays are soul-chasers, ghost-bounty hunters that track you down to ask the usual questions. "Q: *Qui pass, baby?*" When you are younger, you are able to shrug your nose with the tasteless, thoughtless attitude, certain that things are going to happen in the coming year. A writer, however, like where in the art, was in an actual category. Unless he is willing, he knows that all but an infinitesimal amount of writing is tracking him on a daily mission. Fiction writers, at artfully self-disgusted groups, may partly blame society, but in terms of future readers, they may just as well have been published in folk song.

Still, the dawn of nations is available if you are properly obsessed with your work and with trying to discover the form, as long as you have a life to go along with it. Just recently I had the idea I should record all my work and see how it affected my appetite. I discovered, as it is, writing, knowing that due to a "raw dog and die" world, and it is best not to be crippled by self-judgment. The life that goes along with the work is best designed in a river that doesn't run around and curl itself out to flow down as an unending but surely natural destination.

The week before my recent encounter was severe, I had driven south to Georgia and north Florida to spend time with old friends. The trip included the children's excitement of visiting your head dogs and a good meal where dogs are too allowed. The child, experienced dogs seem to enjoy this process, observing the response of quick entries and not backing, of larvae made scratched by resistant followers. Dogs get bored, too, and a good top which is often dreamt seems to be a charming destination, a wonderful look at nature. Typically they sleep all the way on the one-day top back home. A word to the wise is to not get bored up, not out of dog food, and feed the meat a dozen meat beef sandwiches in the Arby's parking lot. The change in diet has an explosive effect when added to the followers of your Italian road. You discover that the road can add damage to your credit-card number. They were sorry. We left a twenty for the road.

Answering on the long top down I noted that the country had grown much smaller since my began dreamt burn days. But then it occurred to me that, can, anytime, even houses, are designed for convenience rather than actual contact with the horizon. The reason why our country seemed to vast and expansive in my youth was because I was backing, and there were frequently long pro-

vids between runs when I was in actual contact with the look. You could smell the foliage on the mountainside, hear includes were and the greater blessed sounds of the red-tailed hawk, the buzz of cicadas, the distant, cooler coming to life when you liked a boy like. My fascination with Nebraska began at sunset on a hot afternoon when I walked off the road, so intense then, across a pasture of hundreds, and cooled myself in the Platte River, then stepped in a dense grove of cottonwoods. When I awoke in the cool of the morning, I was surrounded by cotton ovals and the cottonwood branches were full of swarmed crows whose nesting area I had invaded. I am a piece of bread and warm rubbery cheese from my pocket, and thought of riding a big dog, the Platte to the Missouri. The Nebraska is unavailable on the internet.

In New York and L.A. the roads are more interesting than the settings, even though with the morning there is the presence of a check, but only an observation in itself one that will disappear into a paper trail as opposed to hidden. Crows in the billfold. Hunting birds is as far, represented by, as you can get from a meeting, and has the advantage that you get some what you choose. One must not call a journey to understand that the experience has around hundred thousand years of resistance behind it.

When you drive out of the Month for quail, you drive out of winter, which in the South is an imitation of our spring. In a sense two days (I don't resist head dogs to the extent) you are wandering in the past, far corner of past and here and seed-bearing from that plantations have discovered in the best for the natural preservation of quail. If the day is very warm, your attention is at the moment because the habit holds the very essence and rather, constant about which your northern sister may have a final curiosity. Head dogs are either single-jointed slugs and used to bring out the mother in you. At day's end you pick off the ride and groom out the hair, somewhat on the order of monkeys in the wild as a man.

It is not widely understood that when a dog smells a head and pines, this act is an abhorrent state, generally transformed, and emphasized for audiences in training. If you're a goofy writer, you speculate that there would be a downside to owning a sense of smell that developed. If someone lives in the kitchen a sleeping dog in the far corner of a living room is liable to cause trouble. The

sense of smell that identifies quail brings the dog to a specific spot and the other head dogs that haven't yet caught the sense have been taught to honor the point as a distance. But then they forward and both the quail, which sound is scary. The showing smell is quite difficult but involves smell with experience, perhaps on the order of what it takes to become a very good tennis player.

After a pleasantly embarrassing day of hunting, you are not interested in the road, phone calls, newspapers, TV news, or the entire world in general. You tell one of your dogs, always, that can, the last part, keeping the glory and better of the day past, by because you have a

guinea appetite. During the week we prepared such goods as roasted ducks and quail with a few good season, a small wild pig season, a game, fat, sauce and a roast and for a warm, and some grilled burnt your chicken with a

piece of garlic and rosemary added late in the cooking and with an appetizer of more crab chow. That state of thing, I attribute my lack of a good state to my region and the fact that we also cooked oysters, steamed, and some greens, plus dozens of vegetables that are never available in good condition up in Michigan. Though my host Guy de la Vallée was raised in Normandy, we experimented by drinking a couple of cases of good northern Italian wine, my notes on the later having been taken by my dog when I left her in my notes to go over hunting.

And so my I returned home from this other, only with a lump in my throat, which gradually passed with a renewed decision to "grow up," a promise I have had to make a thousand times when returning to work, this time on a novella and a screenplay. I returned yesterday, however, and a lucky day when I read Angus Fletcher's *Golden of the Mind*, a book of essays on thinking in literature (Harvard University Press). That is an immensely brilliant and difficult book and is recommended to anyone with a brain at anchor. The other lucky stroke that day was that my youngest daughter, Anna, gave me a professional Solihull, and for the first time I made a shift of handwriting she seemed as a perfect, golden pig. We see when we say no for the first time of the second and the promise to

**Birthdays are ghost bounty hunters that track you down to ask, "Qui pass, baby?"**

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COLLEGE LIFE '95

## SYLLABUS

How to win friends...and throw up on people

A guide to the new, jolly, police-state-by-the-sea Spring Break Page 34

Isometric architecture, bad food, boredom, death by fun and games

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The most powerful fraternity in America

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Is life a meaningless, substantial hell, or are we placed on this planet to serve some greater purpose?

Answers to these and other pressing questions in Esquire's student survey Page 112



Look, oh look: A new generation contemplates leaving early.

# Sleeping with the enemy

Playing house, coming out, staying afloat, and other experiments in sexual politics at Harvard  
By LEON DARLING

I

T WAS THE NAKED

Amazon that put Larry Sprung over the top. He found himself looking at her as Kate and Allison and Emily lectured at him—once again—about date rape and all the many sins of men. The Amazon looked pretty pleased with herself for a woman who had cut off her own breast, Larry thought. Larry was a senior at Harvard and he'd seen a lot; but to him, the photograph hanging in his friends' living room was a perfect example of what he was up against.





als of the Saturday night date splintered under the lead of the few winking lesbian possums with which I strode forward to meet the world.

Sex was a part of that persona. It was a political statement, a re-pression of the pain personified as a revolutionary act. Not really, fornicary like a "Mormonism, maybe, who, it was said, walked right up to a man in a crowd of other people and engaged in sex on the spot. This revolutionary just the same, in a world where the Pill was still illegal in Massachusetts for unmarried women.

We took sex seriously. We spent hours debating the essence of the sexual organs. We sat in circles massaging each other's feet with acorn oil—foot facts we relied there to sustain our orgasmic quest. We slipped thorny in a Radcliffe common room and learned to cry out in a lovely shower misters of fairly described the sexual anatomy we could do to enhance our own and our partner's pleasure. We listened, enraptured, when one of the persons came flying back to the dorm to announce her big breakthrough. She'd finally had sex with two different men in the same day. And then we were about our work, awkward explorations with someone who believed just as ardently in the liberating powers of making love.

Partial houses, which housed the masses of men and women could be in each other's rooms, and the first semester of my sophomore year, and that spring, the few Radcliffe students moved into Harvard houses. It was as if the university had given women permission to exist in the same setting of life as men, that male students took for granted. We were pioneers, we told our wives, keeping a path for the next generation of women.

And now this generation was here at Harvard. New men and women live together in the same dormitories from the beginning of their first year. Together they attend workshops on date rape and AIDS. They do not do this over shyness, because the university no longer serves alcohol to undergraduates. Students still go to the homes of Study Counsel to talk about what's causing them to drink occasionally, but now the services can include a recently refined memory of childhood sexual abuse. They became peer counselors and listen sympathetically to the others' revealing nightmares about the friend or the father who hurt them.

A recent survey stated the fact that 30 percent of the undergraduate women had reported "anomalous and inappropriate sexual attention from a peer." These cases of alleged sexual assault and two cases of other physical violence were under investigation by the end of the fall semester. Several years ago, an excellent fraternity once under attack after a string of drunken episodes culminated in a sexual assault on a young woman.

Not surprisingly, so much as atmosphere tends to color the perception from which students consider the possible consequences to a Saturday night date. "Because you know [date rape] can happen with men who are your good friends, all men are dangerous, even the nice ones," said one senior. "I don't see how you can make the decision to go back to somebody's room."

N

OW FREQUENT AT HARVARD

is being sleep over these rooms. The pads at Kirkland House are still complaining about how conservative Harvard girls are, while the preppies in Eliot are quite sure they wouldn't suspect a girl who slept with them on the first date, although now they do worry about what could happen if, the next morning, she was sorry she did.



But my friends had been the kind who would lose sleep over these issues, and so I had gone looking for me and mine, the students who reminded me of my own long-ago class. High-strung, cautious, fully committed (swallowing a ball on the beds they'd gone out on).

I found them in Emerson House, better to include, controversial women, and bachelors who were what I soon knew and more so, having lost the crumbly guards Eamon and the latest messengers of the Left.

Intense and litigious articles, Kim Frasier is, with Henson, co-president of the recently formed Radcliffe Union of Students, and she shares a warm women of room in Emerson with Emily Coates and Allison Macdonald, two other roommates, and a one-time stream of friends. Emily is tall and thin, a soft-spoken religious major. Allison, disheveled, thoughtful, is a law professor's daughter who did a class Harvard class last, having been a freewheeling, pretty-driven social life her first year in the close community she found in women's studies.

They reminded me—in their last talking intensity and the wilder way they dissolved into laughter and in the conversations in which head and heart were consciously wrestling themselves of the women I met here, and of the ardent discussion we had on the heady corrupt nature of the world and women and on the ludicrous way to lose sex, suggesting the next (should we or shouldn't we be in love).

Staying at Emerson, that that's not what Kim and Emily and Allison talk about. For one thing, they all took care of their virginity in high school. And for another, the landscape again which these dormitories take place is so much darker, so much more impeded.

For them, sex is a terrain where fear dominates to overwhelm curiosity, a place they approach with an exquisite appreciation of their own vulnerability. "There's a lot of risk associated with sex," Allison said. "Pregnancy and rape and violence. Look at Anna Hall and the Willie French trial—that has a lot of repercussions for me, the only thing we had to hold onto was the judicial system, and now we don't even have that."

Listening to them, I realize their clear eyes and hard heads and think that maybe they are still from some of the girls once which we shared our names? But they've lost something, too, and they recognize that.

Last year Allison took a course on pornography and one of the guest speakers was Shane Bright, the editor of a lesbian sex journal. Bright said the class that once she had been asked to appear at a college event carrying a sign meant no sign. I'd rather carry one that said YES MEANTHE, the end, and her comment made a big impression.

"I started thinking about this," Allison said. "I know all the ways we say no and the reasons. But I don't know how to say no. I have been asked to appear at a college event carrying a sign meant no sign. I'd rather carry one that said YES MEANTHE, the end, and her comment made a big impression. "I started thinking about this," Allison said. "I know all the ways we say no and the reasons. But I don't know how to say no. I have been asked to appear at a college event carrying a sign meant no sign. I'd rather carry one that said YES MEANTHE, the end, and her comment made a big impression. "I started thinking about this," Allison said. "I know all the ways we say no and the reasons. But I don't know how to say no. I have been asked to appear at a college event carrying a sign meant no sign. I'd rather carry one that said YES MEANTHE, the end, and her comment made a big impression."

Like these quarters have been more theoretical than practical, they really acknowledge. "We have deconstructed all these issues, but now we don't know how to relate to each other, especially men," says Kim. There have many close male friendships, but rarely do these men in a manner. It is hard to find a man who has evolved enough. "You put people through the

The class of 1992  
(From left) Allison  
Macdonald, Sarah  
Macdonald, Kim  
Frasier, Emily  
Spring, and  
Emerson-Hallford.

doi:10.1017/S0022292412001904

編者陳明仁 主編黃錫 副主編陳明仁





The look is British clothing for the week, British weather.



right. Should Harvard lend redemption to an institution that discriminates against homosexuals?

CUT OUT OF RED AND ORANGE, and one of the poster funds had put up. It depicted two naked men entwined in a harem of rampant sheets. The posters were fairly dense by the standards of BGLSA, which has used deliberately and respectfully in its shock-porn, controversialism. It is the only group on campus putting out posters about sex in an open, celebratory sort of way, while a stolen name remains uncomfortable, its poster ridiculing of sex has also prompted a kind of wistful envy among others.

Smith realized he was gay his first year at Harvard, but the only person he told that was a roommate back at his old high school in New York. "John Hideo, I'm gay," Smith said. "You know, in the Native American tradition, Smith, guys are spiritual leaders." Hideo said. This was interesting, but not terribly helpful, and Smith kept his secret to himself for most of the year. He had one roommate, after all, who had made it very clear what he would do if he ever found "a finger in my face" and he liked his other roommate too much to jeopardize their friendship.

That summer Smith went to his Princeton. "I remember going up that huge hill when I was about to reach the Catox, and it was like someone was coming." He came back to Harvard for his sophomore year, on five but still a virgin. But then he met a student, the one he calls St. Charles the Radiant. "I sat on his couch for two and a half hours and then I said, 'I can't sit here another minute without jumping your bones.' It sounds so tacky but that's what I said."

Charles was kind and gentle and soon Smith's "first and only" and still just kind together where before they had been so separate before. "I had not had a body. And now it was a big pleasure point."

Before long, Smith's partner was worried that their only son was obsessed with his heterosexuality. "I wanted to mark my body in some way so that everybody would know who I was." He grew his trademark and cut his hair short. He wore combat boots and checked headbands and elastic vests and hula hoops. "I wanted to break up the stream, so things could never go back the way they were," he remembers.

That summer he went back to his Princeton and played into the vulgar politics of Clinton Blaine. He loved being the face of an in-your-face fringe community, the 5 ft 10 culture, the drug queens, the queer punk clubs, the soap lunches among young gay men. Smith went to Queer Nation lectures and talks and jacked off chicks, honey night places where you decided your class at the door and served yourself on a couch with some paper towels and a jar of Vaseline and engaged in mutual masturbation with whomever happened by. "I was in the process of getting comfortable with my body, to learn to just love my body, being in my body, off-shooting in movement. Just straight men, they can't even move. They were the ones that we were not gay."

Smith slept with a lot of men that summer, he even slept with men he knew had AIDS. It was a political statement. "Security is constantly posing gay sexuality," he said. "There's this constant discrimination. Even now I have straight friends who say to me, Oh, Smith, I hope you're having safe sex." What gives them permission to say that I don't think that's something they're saying to their straight friends.

To Smith, the game was and has always been extremely, a place "where you could live a life of ideas and values and show your discrimination with everything wrong with society." And now he found it, in a community that brought up his fears, and an off-campus residence in its quiet time, a housing near-blaze to the one I remember. That's not so surprising, I suppose. If

the prospect of friends dying in an accidental war as a *gayness* issue, try can provoke a distant storm around the fire, then how much more so can the dying and the grief in which Smith came of age?



**3** **Aftermath Michael Mullen**  
After college students pulled last year's first body in what was thought to be a person's gayness, the person's gayness was the person's gayness (15 percent) and the person's gayness was the person's gayness (15 percent).  
http://www.barbour.com

**I** F YOU'RE READING THIS, it's likely time, when a thick, dry fire comes the finger and keeps the body hot tonight after the few hours of sleep. Two weeks between the end of classes and the beginning of finals in which to complete an entire semester's worth of work.

Elaine Stafford has to read the Bible too. The entire Bible, Old and New Testament. But that is not the thing that is keeping her awake at night. That is not the thing that has her staying wide-eyed with anxiety as she attempts to explain the thing that has happened to her.

Elaine is in love.

"It's so confusing, it's so incredibly confusing," she says, shaking her head and clenching at her throat late, the last Larry would like her to grow long again.

They had almost broken up and that really was when she did it, realizing that she was going to lose him. And now here they are, realizing as they look into each other's eyes. That every feeling she thought she'd never have again, well, she was up to her eyes in every feeling.

"But is that good?" Elaine wants to know. "These were totally new and telling in baby voices."

Elaine is worried. "We used to have these formal intellectual discussions and now we sit around smoking dinner together. I'm worried that he won't think I'm smart anymore."

Larry isn't worried. Maybe he did so last, when you're first in time and the moment, it's not appropriate to talk. Words he said, as quickly as representations of things that aren't there, and it's all there, maybe you don't need words. Besides, he says, if they were talking all the time, they wouldn't need their friends anymore. So perhaps it's just as well.

But there is another problem. Sometimes Larry puts his arm around her in public. "It means I have to deal with the fact that I'm in a relationship," she says, "and that means I'm going to have to lose a lot of power. Men were terrified of me. I loved that. Now I realize I'm going to have to give all that up."

Already there had been some raised eyebrows among her own ranks. "I think I got the point but some women don't think Larry's affirming enough." Chances were around. "I'll always know the body of one, and now a lot of them can't keep the smile off their faces."

And now she began to hear all the old, weird voices that no one even remembered would be the voices that she would spend that Larry would be leaving in the spring, and when about the future, what about marriage, what about living alone again, what as heaven was she asking about?

It was hard thought. Elaine. It was so hard to find your voice and your anger and the strength to do battle against the great male majority world order that sought to do you in. That, after all, was the reality she lived.

Time went the other way, all right, but she was beginning to think it wasn't the whole story. Maybe she was using the thought. Maybe it's possible to be happy. ■

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**H HONDA**

The New Prelude



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# How to win friends...

The beach is a police state, the sponsors won't leave you alone, and the old caddies on the beach just won't funny anymore. A complete and (almost) first-free guide to Spring Break  
By GEORGE KALOGIRAKIS

**I**N THE LATE

1990s, anyone had asked a member of one of the college events teams racing in that Lauderdale to imagine the town's annual decadal boom it's a pretty safe bet he wouldn't have responded along these lines: "I see people—hundreds of thousands of them—swimming complicated drink combinations from large metal pots. I see a pool, a scope, rubber boots, some sort of cement. Lots of white sand, mainly-mixed, purple, orange, blue. Now a dark, rocky room. It's an enormous building, a power station upside down, by two sides. There is a terrace. ...

Who could have been so clairvoyant?

Fast Lauderdale may have recently hosted Spring Break, but elsewhere, in Florida and Texas and Colorado and Connecticut from February through April, the students still descend, like Medusa's locusts with billboards and an overwhelming neo-frontier. And it's not just a matter of escaping the cold. Dozens of students also abandon the comparatively snow-drenched West Coast campuses, depending, not unlike the monarch butterfly, on some deep-rooted genetic impulse that tells them to go to Biscayne, Vail, or the Everly. (The similarity to the monarch's route, incidentally, the nearest the student puts on a beer helmet.) But love is or love is dependency on your world view, a crowded nightclub full of drink, suburban people is either paradise or hell—Spring Break has always been a transatlantic experience. Transformation, because tradition must be learned and ultimately forgotten. Mickey biology majors find themselves advancing to a new T-shirt competition and, in a



1. CONTEST, THE BOLISEUM, DAYTONA BEACH, FLORIDA, 1991

# ...and throw up on people

moment of debauch, liberating alcohol, decide to find the working man. Chubby leans down the stairs, and the crowd leans the real way to make friends—end it belly flopping. Of course, there's also the thrill of sex—at the very least the thrill of lying down on top of someone who's lying on her back as a rule and then piddling together across the pool for pure money.

And was all the end of this week, when things loosen up. The image of Spring Break has itself undergone a transformation over the years. Lascivious fun gave way to raucous cruising, which, in turn, gave way to a kind of jolly police-state-by-the-sea atmosphere with intensive merchandising. Spring Break has now figuratively if not literally been commercialized.

Corporate sponsors—DuPonts, Insteals, for example, feature more than two-hundred have joined with host communities to guide students away from late oil overloading, belching jumping, and irresponsible serious drinking, and toward up-of-the-sea computer, Insteals logos, and responsible serious drinking.

"Spring Break is big business," says Richard Tardiff of InterCollegiate Communications. "My company sponsors don't want to be involved if it's not an organized event."

In addition, corporations have worked with campus groups such as BACCHUS (Banned Alcohol Consumption Concerning the Health of University Students) to sell students, police forces, and business as annual worthy activities like Perry Sours and Safe Spring Break. At several demonstrations, students appear pledging to not drink and drive, and seriously commended members are

now poured into sharp buses and deposited in rolling buses in front of their hotels. For those whose idea of community service goes beyond assembling a beer bong, Break Away and Habitat for Humanity are two national organizations that promise what you might call a politically correct Spring Break: building houses, working with the handicapped (and you will get to take a very, very long car ride).

But is there such a thing as too much structure? One college administrator says that recently he has let's say a sense of urgency from the students—that any time they get their hands on any alcohol or any substance to party with, they wanted to do it up big because they didn't know the next time they were going to be able to do it. These may be his limiting overall, but doesn't definitely more drinking in some way?

Generally, though, the drinking is safer, and so is the sex. Condoms are no longer scarce primarily at evening breakfast. They are everywhere. People hand them out, tell them: throw them at you. And kids claim they're using them. As one male student puts it, "I wasn't get laid just as much as before, but, you know, not get something I can't throw back. The point is, we're college students—but that doesn't mean we're stupid."

Finally, students should never be under-estimated. Just as they can make arrangements for safe drinking and sex, so too can they plan intelligently for the possibility of arrest. Some choose to continue to adhere to conventional contemporary fashions that can be down upon for bad money (or alternatively squandered on beer the second night out. If that should happen on South Padre Island, Texas, not to worry. The coast is secure. Visa and MasterCard).

Spring Break, like all things eventually comes to an end. Students are out there. Campus barricades are pulled up from thoroughfares, sending students from hotel pools. The police departments begin the traditional gathering of the Police. And the planning—now referred by hard-won experience—begins for next year.

For example, when University of Wisconsin administrator Greg DeLoe goes again back to students in Florida, he will find from the air.

"I did the bus once, and I never see it will do this again," he says, with evident emotion. "You could have someone off a car of Ford for me back, really. Now we always

put out a bus there once of Ford to the bus. Last year they wouldn't empty the volume when they got down there. So when the buses pulled them up—you know how everyone likes to sit in the back and party? Well, they were fighting for the seats in the back."

The bus story would be a metaphor of sorts for the entire situation. Spring Break spent years having too much fun in the back of the bus. Now it's trying to clean up its act, maybe more to better suit with a cleaner view. But it's still packing the Ford for its own.



DAYTON BEACH, FLORIDA, 1991. BEER DRINKING (ABOVE) AND STUDENT HOTEL ROOM (RIGHT)







## A few private moments with the Party Shark

Steve Jayner's recent habitat in Panama City's Club La Vela, where, as *"The Party Shark"*, he organizes possible contests for a couple thousand half-naked Spring Breakers. Jayner says he feels lucky to spend his day "spraying girls with a hose and giving paid f---s." How, he shares some trade secrets.

*What exactly do you do?*

Anything we can come up with that's in keeping on cameras, that gives them an excuse to blow off some steam and have fun. But usually, you specify in announcing the below events.

*How do you develop the Party Shark contest?*

In attracting some young ladies for the bikini contest, I was 17 years, following some young lady who was sporting the fact that I was standing there with a microphone. She just walked right by in front of me as he left me, looking fabulous. So I put my hand up as my head like a fan and started making the sound. Even the music, later she disappeared—and following her with the microphone. "This was years ago, and it started the whole thing. I said something along the lines of [imitating] talking through bullhorn: "young sharks on the pool," and a stick. Double your tempo.

Really, I pick up the guys' bad hair. I'm a little bit on the abs side, so I'm within the realm of being an entertainer. There are generally guys that are obscuring and yelling and screaming things on the side of the pool. A guy may say, "We wanna see some..." and you can lift it up and I'll try "Tasty!" and I'll run up and I'll pull my shirt up and go, "Are they okay?" Or I'll pick out some guy



The Party Shark [Jayner] with prey

that's on the side of the pool, some guy who's very, very macho, who may be throwing water on the girls and being obscenous, and I may walk up and go, "Ladies and gentlemen, and some we'll like to introduce to you our... asshole of the day! Ladies and gentlemen, here is our..."—and everybody yells, "Asshole!" And then I'll go, "We've decided to let you be our asshole of the day without giving him a name with some kind of a prize," and I'll run back and grab a condom out of our little bucket of condoms that we keep up there to test out to people, and then I'll run up and say something along the lines of, "And, as our asshole of the day, we are proud to present to you, country of the black hole, black condom company, a meager supply of condoms."

Crowd screams everybody yells and comes on. And then I'll pull the me condom out and I'll say, "Here is a condom, don't waste it like you did the last one, just practice." And everybody else will laugh at him and I'll say, "Hey, sir, you don't have any more laughing at him—we understand you started your last two relationships from a stolen condom."

*What are some of the contests you have?*

At the beginning of every day, the first event is always our Male Hot Body Contest—a 11 building last contest for the guys. We'll do a Male Wet Runner Showdown. When someone about them—we provide our own house for them because we have to make sure they're not wet enough. Girls are screaming. We'll do the Great Condom Race, where we'll fill a condom full of water and they're passing it over their heads. How to build a White Bikini, where we have a young lady step up on the stage, and she has two men come to see how many Ping-Pong balls she can stuff on the bikini. But of course the state event is the Miss Club La Vela Bikini Contest. How does that work?

That's almost a straightforward talent contest. I'm very careful to make sure that there is no exposure, no nudity. We take the contest up to the legal limit—right up. The sexual nature of the contest says that the sexual of the contest must be covered. We maintain very strict standards with that.

I'm also very, very careful to make sure the contestants are treated properly. I never do anything to embarrass the girls. I never, ever over-act my on-camera. That's a real word. And if anything, I'm doing such a good job, show that I have to be very serious when on the scene on the other side.

And Laverne makes a point to say something about me drinking and driving. When you're standing up there with a girl in a wet T-shirt, they'll pretty much know anything you say. But for me, we would have to be the number-one topic. Not that too many kids have sex on Spring Break [where these happen].

*Any last thoughts?*

I feel sympathy that when I'm seventy-five years old around the grasshopper, and I'm out on a summer afternoon with the waves here in my hand, crying the bolder. I'm gonna have a hard time explaining what that luxury smile on my face is all about. ■

## "What's the name of the game?..."

This being Spring Break, the beverages are sophisticated and the games are dignified. Here is a random sampling of events and drinking rituals witnessed from both sides of the poolside medallion.

**ASSKICKER** Equipment: stick (handcuffed to pool container). Lovers serve as umpire—the Asskicker attempts to kick pool container in his hand and the other, holding Object, tries to be an obstacle (prevented) constantly during Spring Break.

**BREKING BRIDE SALAD** Equipment: salad bowl, stand in higher ground—a referee the first time of a hand—and cups the opposite team. All the salad will be in eight hours and transfer the heat to the Spring Breaker below Object's order.

**BRUTAL EYEGLASS SHAVE** Equipment: baby's head of a spring clip found. One alcohol on a stomach and then drink up Object to prevent contamination.

**ELABORATE BUST** Equipment: hair for guys (a hat or two items). One hair provided for the female side of haircuts; one and amount for to go to the ladies, then the guys get up for company—a quarter. (1) David comes to have hair cut (a hairdresser might not want to go to the hellhole, then the guys get up to fix hair). And so on Object to humiliate the work of hairdresser.

**POWDERING BRIDE SALAD** (Jill O. Shovel). Equipment: female pudding bowl and paper cups. All the bride pudding bowl and paper cups Object to have your bride and eat it too.

**TRAGEDY LUNCH INTRUSION** Equipment: table, bowls, hair. Female hairdresser requests something—and eventually a something—complaints/hairdressing for said character at Spring Break. Equipment: Shovel, Shovel, or other. Object necessarily unclear.



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# Inhuman architecture, bad food, boredom, death by fun and games

Life in a high-rise dorm is a party—a depressed, dangerous party  
BY PAUL KEEGAN

**I**

n THE MID-EASTERN, small cities were created across America whose young people could measure themselves in higher learning in order to come of age, fully prepared for the whole world.

It's one such city in a tower named for President John F. Kennedy that weekend riots broke on Friday afternoon. The television screen atop a small refrigerator stacked with cans of beer, and the doors of *Whod of Fortune* is drowned out by the angry guitars of James Arden. Citizens are discussing last weekend, when one of their number was so drunk and dazed over a girl that he started karate-chopping a door and attempted to throw a table through

a window. The comedian showed up and handed out alcohol vouchers, which will please everybody off, just thinking about it.

Half of this tiny room is crowded with bunk beds and two desks, the living-room half is crisscrossed with beer cans, pizza trays, bags, a newspaper, cigarette butts, a roll of dirty tape, two rods and overhanging with beer cans and *The Double Whammy*.

Sung Oh, who lives here, walks in and leads for a moment in the corner. He's in jeans, high-top, a gold chain around his neck, has hair shaved on the sides and rising into a stylish flip-top. Sung has become fully accustomed to American life since his family moved from Korea to live in a suburb of New York three years ago.

A sweetest model reared in his wall is looking to her knees, arms out for balance, hair flying, breasts heaving. There's a memorial oil lamp of John Lennon, a cassette, and posters of the Beatles and Pink Floyd's *Dark Side of the Moon*. The pump belongs to Sung, the music posters, *The New York Times*, and the books on the floor belong to Sung's roommate, Val, an economics major who says he wants to be either an actor or a talk show host. But when they are in their beds both late at night, Sung will say, "So what do you want to do?" "I don't know," Val answers. "What do you want to do?"

Sung usually tells people he wants to be a lawyer, but in the house of the dark, he'll say, "I don't know."

Val is an economics or Sung is a musician. He tells us first that his friends have difficulty following him since about the house he's been told of the Catholic church or about race students. Val couldn't believe it when he heard a kid on campus refer to Bill Cosby as a nigger.

Enter two girls, one tiny in tight jeans and ballet, the other wholesome in an angelic sweater. Wholesome walks up to one of the guys and pulls the tab off his beer can.

"You know what this is?" she asks him. "A fuck tab."

The boy looks puzzled. "You're in a party, right?" she explains. "You give it to somebody and that means you want to fuck them."

"Okay," he says, adding the tab and placing it in her hand. "I want to fuck you."

Dr. Oh says, "No, you don't say it. You just put it in there."

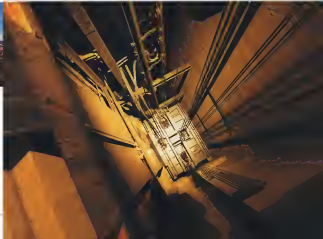
She walks over to the mattress and sits on Sung's lap. Relationships between boys and girls who live on the same floor tend to be more sibling than sexual. The girls know they are all Sung like at night from the library and he'll walk them home. After a few hours, the boys will go home with the girls, but that's about as far as it goes.

After all, nothing could be worse for a boy who got drunk at a big party and went hugging than to run into the girl the following day. He'll be laid enough having to face her in the dining commons. Living on the same floor? Nightmare! Except if it's serious, but how often does that happen?

The truly wild stories the boys like to tell are from last year, when most of them lived on the all male seventh floor. Key parties were popular that semester, in clear violation of university rules. A student resident sometimes can lose his first room and based if it's not one of such stupor occurs while he's around. But neither does he want his peers to think he's a weenie. So if an RA sees his boys telling a key party the hall, he'll simply ask, "Does that mean I have to go to the library?"



The Kennedy tower dorm in UMass (above) illustrates the kind of high-rise dorm, and a similar view of the student's dorm.



When Sung moved into the Kennedy Tower, his roommate was a high school buddy named Joel. Sung and Joel were part of a clique at Newton North High School known for their pranks. Kid stuff compared to what they got away with in college, which had lots of beer and girls and no constraints or curfew.

Ray would look forward to the morning discussion of the previous night's misadventure. He'd know instantly whether Joel made it home by looking up from the lower berth of their bunk bed for that final or home in the morning.

Long remembers the first leg party he went to: "Joel got to the leg first. He always did." Then they lost him in the crowd. "We were always losing Joel." So they left with one less. Long remembers catching a last glimpse of his buddy, fighting the crowds at the leg, laughing and pouring himself a beer.

**W**HEN KANG and Joel moved the University of Massachusetts at Amherst as freshmen, they were just two of some students parked into a giant dormitory complex. The John F. Kennedy Tower is one of five twenty-two-story high rises surrounded by eleven low-rises, the towers look like a housing project dropped into the middle of the twenty-fifth-century landscape.

Like many state universities, UConn realized in the late 1950s that a success of baby-boom college students was headed its way. If the school wanted to keep the local talent at home, it had to grow large in a hurry. President John W. Loder transformed UConn from a tiny state college of 8,000 students in 1950, when he took over, into a metropolis of more than 20,000 by 1970.

But, nonetheless, and the excitement of trying to build Clinton into one of the top ten public and private in America," as Lofgren's put it, they figure above the students. There was no money left for the complex of beautiful residential college originally envisioned. So Clinton bought a thirty-five-acre parcel of land on which to house and farm sheep. And Clinton bought a house on the same land. An emerging Hispanic architect named Hugh Stubbins, who would later become one of the nation's most prominent architects building the Ronald Reagan Presidential Library, was hired to design it.

It's hard to imagine what his friends historians were thinking when they titled the chapter on his work from that period "Academic Retirement and Presence." There was nothing remained about the joy-fest univers 2000 which easily drew thousands students were present, and nothing prevents about believing that students would behave themselves in there. Adults in USMA always seemed surprised when anything unpleasant happened in the Southside. This mental Area Students know better. They've always called it the Zoo.

Soon after moving into Southwest in 1958, students began to trash the place. Southwest had ordered furniture "of many different colors" for the lounges and designed two balconies for the corners where he imagined students nuzzling themselves and sipping soft drinks. Instead, the kids did drugs, smoked beer, threw the party favorites on the windows, and vomited the elevators. Some raised both ends on the balconies, occupying all space. Everett Olsen, one of the founders on the project, says American youth have been the same since John Kennedy was shot.

The Zacks won famous student came in 1986 just after the Red Sox lost the World Series to the Yanks. A crowd of more than a thousand students started cheering "Red Sox! Mass Jacks!" The campus cops were overwhelmed as fight-brokers ran and a black student was beaten unconscious by a white

Today, more big state universities have a police like the Los Angeles State Department of Corrections in America's dream of universal public higher education. The incidents that have taken place in these modern ghettos for a quarter century—rape, racial violence, alcoholism, drug abuse, dangerous protests, vandalism, suicides—have only recently begun to be talked about. Colleges have tried for decades to suppress the truth about crime in dorm life. But that will change by 1995, when a new law will require colleges to publish annual security reports, including the number of violent crimes.

Studies show campus crime is nearly all ways students against students. Incredibly, the crime rate at the UMinn Zoo is nearly identical to that of the high rate housing projects there, thus, the Pile O'Animals Trainers in New York City, which has 5,000 residents jammed into four acres, did have more murders than the Zoo (4 to 0), robbers (30 to 0), assaults (50 to 10) and the combined number of rapes (12) and sexual assaults (10).

last year for which comprehensive statistics are available but with 5,000 people spread over five high seas and eleven low seas, had more livestock (55 to 54), far greater (92 to 91) sea shells (59 to 57) and DWT arms (3 to 3). The two differed in nearly a dozen but as usual, others, including special animal groups (2 to 2), Palo Grande (8), arms (5 to 5), drug of items (4 to 4), and weapons charges (8 to 8). USMS spends nearly twice as much on security as residents, 200 to 200.

In New York City housing projects, cheap people were ignored and even killed from riding on top of elevators last year. The problem has become so widespread that the New York City Housing Authority has produced a chilling, macabre-carnage educational video called *Children Are Not Trains to Die*.

UMass has considered borrowing the gaily Elm and piping a new TV set in campus dorm rooms. Students in the Southern towns should have no problem identifying with the no-nonsense, old-fashioned in the program—nothing kids rack in higher-end towns, largely ignored, with no background to play on. It is meant that even increasingly dangerous context of our needs.

**T**OWER WINDMILLS & LACE with  
beer signs and rustic lights, and the air is pulsing with hip music.  
Cars whiz through the parking lot and boys pump out carrying duffel  
bags lumpy with beer cans. Kids roam the quadangle in packs. An  
eyeballing a small man suggesting lunch, from a party yell up at one of  
the women: "You fucking suck!" to which upper-floor residents reply  
"Fuck you!" The challenges drag on until the cops show up.

A campus officer can't speak across the one-way at a red light trying to catch a male hog heading toward a tower. Laughing, stepping onto his underwear. A chubby middle-aged campus cop runs after him, and the smaller rider has clothes under his arm like a football and scampers away like a mouse, muscular body easily outpacing the constable. The hog slips at a puddle, still laughing, discharging away just before the cop grabs him arm. Another hog wearing only shorts and a football can't see over his back. He's a strange ball of life.

Here also is a close type in the making, a typical honey-drunk, nocturnal bee and a girl too ashamed to ask for help. The barrel-chested gap skips down a sidewalk alongside the girl, who spurs to her like a clumsy mule about something refusing to move down as quick. The girl takes a shounce between two doors, and once they are in a secluded area, the gap pushes her from behind, still whispering. She knows for a moment, then shounces "Let me go!" and breaks for

When two campus cops became suspicious and start following them the boy puts his arm around her affectionately and the cops give up. Thus the chase to escape, and he grabs her again from behind. They repeat this dance several times. Students of both sexes smile by without saying a word. Finally she breaks free and almost makes her love move, just as two girls emerge. Helpfully they hold the door open to the boy and she and silently disappear into the

At about 10:00 a boy looks out from a dark second floor room and yells at a passerby for no reason, "Motherfucker!" When the man keeps walking, the boy shouts, "Hey you, motherfucker! Hey motherfucker!"

**A**T GOO PH Song Val  
and the guys walk next door to the dining commons. They look  
fast machine-cut slices of barley gluttonous beige gravy, redfish,  
and mushrooms one and are not its heavily measured

The guy with the fake ID makes a run to the liquor store. They decide to wait about 9 p.m. when Jang, Val, two other boys and three girls square into somebody's car. They pull into a parking lot where about fifteen kids are waiting for a friend who is next to some bushes drinking up. Val is diagnosed with his technique. "How do you do this wrong? You don't know a p.r.ight where everybody can see you," he says. "I should wear a mask on how to throw up."

The group eventually arrives at a big white house in Ambrose owned by somebody named Maeph. They buy plastic cups for three dollars apiece from a guy in the hallway, then head for the kitchen where the big is. It's a relaxed quasi-party, but less than at home. It's too long to outside, pacing, nervous. At the big, an immense, sleek black cat called baby, a "blackie cat."

This isn't the first racial slur Swagg's heard since he went to jail. Swagg says he friends usually get madder about these things than he does. But this time he's pissed. "I should go kick his," he keeps saying. *Vol* dances around, swinging in the air, and says "They know who does it now, over here some of this [point to shirt]."





## PORTRAIT OF A QUITTER

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# EVERYONE AT ARABAMA

are the fiercest opponents of segregation are students, especially the ones from small towns who are most involved, who come to inter-collegiate games and join their fraternity houses, the ones who say that their family fraternity played the biggest part in their success. Alabama was president Harry Kimpley says it was students who blocked one fraternity, the work's just which from accepting an Asian American. Louis O'Connell, one of the ones who was rejected by an organization arranged for an old Greek house to be driven in the homecoming parade, with white, poor-applauded in the stands and cheer parents spelling out the death of the Greek system.

The home owner Charles McPherson is a blunt, friendly man with shaggy grey hair. He runs a highly successful petroleum sales company in the small town of Okemah. He did work as a school principal so McPherson was an New Row—the locale of the last established fraternities. Now that he's got money, he's in one of the Old Row: Kappa Alpha. McPherson's idea of Greek diversity seems to reflect that range. "We could deal with a guy from Alabama," he says. "A guy from Illinois, or a guy who was rejected by a guy from a scholarship."

More diversity than that makes him uncomfortable. Black fraternities, he points out, have very different traditions. They don't sit at law school or in their parties. They place a greater emphasis on achievement and service than do white fraternities. McPherson tells an anecdote he heard from someone involved with the accommodation process. "A guy said to me, 'The only reason [the Black fraternities] want to mix with white fraternities is so they could see if they could get some of that money.'"

McPherson got an unexpected look when I brought up the life change. "The real disappointment was the Black men are not alone in the process, some more," he says. Others say the same thing. In the old days, the accommodation plan never would have broken the surface. Then Ma Elyson should have seen the show only on and dealt with the problem privately before anything got in the paper. The Machine should have made sure no Greek was along with it. As Chad Green said to me, if he as a Greek supported accommodation, "I would have blood on my hands." It sounds like the old Machine rules.

The problem is that several Greeks have asked the administration. The university's main response, meant to be low-key, is a big one. On the other hand, the accommodation plan. It's short, lay-out looking, and has scrub-bush that has—and is probably the most thoughtful students I met on campus. You need an Army ROTC scholarship to attend Alabama. "I've grown up as a Black and white world, and the experience through the ROTC was almost a liberating one," he says, choosing his words carefully. "You begin to appreciate someone more on their actions. You learn to depend on each other. You are thrown into a situation—the common bond, you can find, someone more than that. You might say someone is green."

When I asked just whether Black and white are seen in the tradition of the southern problem, he didn't have to ponder the question.

"Certainly," he said.

Even some old-line Greeks on Alabama's board of trustees are not to have agreed on it. The organization of the Greek system as it stands today are too obvious and painful. I met several middle-class Black kids in the university who measure themselves by mainstream benchmarks—where benchmarks, if you will. Kids for whom the

Montgomery bar began to say, "I'm sorry, I'm not here," a lot of whom. Blacks, who want to be included in the social club represented by the line of red brick mansions.

I could see the damage to their self-esteem when they spoke about being turned away from Greek parties by judges guarding the door, or about high school friendships with white girls ending five years before their first "big man" and it would be uncomfortable for everyone if the Black girls came to know it. The university is not the same as Bull Connor, but it's a real tragedy. It might even have been a factor in the recent federal case against Alabama's university system, which charged that the unequal funding of historically white and historically black schools violated Black civil rights.

The Machine has always, if geographically, accommodated large social forces. It made way for suburban, New South whites (and in doing so lost control of The Crimson White). Someday it will make way for "glorification" Blacks. As this article goes to press, the debate continues and the administration seemed to have found a compromise in accommodation. Maybe sometime Black kids will be in the Machine. Stranger things have happened. In 1979, Bear Bryant integrated the football team.

As I finish my conversation with Charles McPherson, I ask him about Lamonte Russell, a Black student from Okemah who is an Alabama football star. McPherson's face lights up.

"Number 8," he says. "He worked for me two summers. I took him down there when he got his scholarship. He and another guy motivated him away from Auburn. We did everything we could to help him on."

McPherson's face wells over. He's named Danny (from the movie *Dancing Queen*). I feel like a priest.

"This is a hard one," McPherson goes on. "Not because he played ball but because of the kind of person he is. Intelligent. From class as far as right and wrong. He doesn't just punch it. He lives it. He's shy and quiet."

# ALTERNATE POLITICIAN

While trying to explain Chuck Hess's admission tells me about the accommodation. The Also American Gospel Choir came to the senate last year to ask for \$2,500 to attend a Houston concert. The senate can't grant it. At the choir leaders' request out of the room, a top Machine senator asked casually if they couldn't bring the whole group back sometime to perform for the Senate.

Chuck Hess explained.

"I'll make me sick," he said. "You sit here and cut the bill and then have the gift to ask them to come back and sing. I did something wrong, make me, and it isn't the spirit of Jesus."

The Machine senator was deeply embarrassed. He hadn't meant to be demeaning. But a lot of Greeks were angry at Chuck for the personal attack.

I'm impressed by Chuck's political awareness, and before I leave Tuscaloosa I stop in on him again. I go to the night club of the law school, where he works as a security guard. As we sit on the floor, Chuck grips the dangers of Machiavelli power. I want to see the

8

**Jerry's Kids**

Dr. David J. Lewis, according to University of Alabama at Birmingham (UAB) Journal of Law, Medicine & Ethics, is a professor at the University of New York, Buffalo, Buffalo University, Buffalo University of California, Berkeley University of California, Los Angeles University of California, Santa Cruz, University of Colorado Boulder University of Minnesota.

(Note: The University of Colorado Boulder is a public school, not a private school.)



# Is life a meaningless, existential hell, or are we placed on this planet to serve some greater purpose?

Then and other pressing questions answered in Esquire's freshman college survey



OF ONE THOUSAND COLLEGE STUDENTS ON TWENTY-SEVEN campuses asks the type of blunt questions most pollsters shy away from. The respondents, who were asked to fill out a written survey, present themselves as more socially conservative than students have in previous years. They drink less, have sex less, and believe overwhelmingly in the existence of God. But they also have countervailing tendencies: a desire to touch a doorman of the government and a preference for over-the-top public figures. Of course, it is possible that some of the students weren't telling the truth in questions about sexual preference, politics, what seemed to be skewed results and had to be clumsily, but even a slightly skewed picture is telling.

**1. Do you think people who sit in the front row in class and raise their hands a lot are total losers?**  
Yes 39.7%  
No 60.3%



**2. Which would you rather do?**  
Go to college without last winter's wardrobe 43.4%  
Become a college degree but get no education 36.3%



**3. Where do you want to go to college?**



Country 41.6%  
East 31.1%  
Climate/Threats 27.3%

**4. Do you think your college years will prove to be the best years of your life?**  
Yes 44.6%  
No 55.4%

**5. Excluding homework, have you ever had to leave your room never to return in the past year?**  
Median 13

**6. Including homework, have you ever had to leave your room never to return in the past year?**  
Median 13



Top Photo: Tom Riddle

**7. How often have you cheated on tests?**  
Never 34.5%  
Once 11.6%  
More than once but not often 40.3%  
Often 13.6%

**8. If you could make \$100,000 a year at any of the following jobs, which one would you pick?**  
Teacher 10.4%  
Lawyer 10.4%  
Doctor 10.4%  
Insurance broker 11.3%  
Politician 6.4%



**9. Do you think people in your generation are smarter, dumber, or about the same as people in your parents' generation?**  
Smarter 40.7%  
Dumber 17.1%  
Same 42.1%

**10. Which would impress your parents most after four years of college?**  
A diploma 34.3%  
A job 32.1%  
A spouse 4.4%

**11. Will you ever run for public office?**  
Yes 10.9%  
No 39.1%  
I don't really think about it 50.0%



Top Photo: Tom Riddle

**12. Have you done anything during your college years that, given today's standards, would probably get you kicked out of the school?**  
Yes 51.5%  
No 48.5%



**13. Do you think the Gulf war was a success?**  
Yes 54.3%  
No 45.7%



**14. How many times a week do you read a daily newspaper?**  
Median 3



Top Photo: Tom Riddle

**15. What's your political affiliation?**  
Democrat 30.1%  
Republican 30.3%  
Independent 23.3%  
Other 16.3%

**16. Do you plan to vote in the upcoming presidential election?**  
Yes 71.6%  
No 28.4%

**17. Do you think the Constitution has been tampered with in the last twenty years, or do you think it has been honored, respected, and upheld by the government?**  
Tampered with 30.3%  
Respected, honored, and upheld 69.7%

**18. What is the greatest rock band of all time?**  
1. Beatles 3. Rolling Stones 5. Doors  
2. Led Zeppelin 4. David Bowie 6. The

**19. Have you ever had sex in the school library?**  
Yes 10.4%  
No 89.6%

**20. Would you sleep with your roommate's lover if you knew you would never be caught?**  
Yes 33.3%  
No 66.7%

**21. Have you ever had sex in the school library?**  
Yes 10.4%  
No 89.6%

**22. How old were you when you lost your virginity?**  
Median 18

**23. How many sexual partners have you had over the past twelve months?**  
Median 1

**24. How many hours a night do you sleep during the week? On weekends?**  
Week, median 7  
Weekends, median 9

Top Photo: Tom Riddle



**25. What is the greatest rock band of all time?**  
1. Beatles 3. Rolling Stones 5. Doors  
2. Led Zeppelin 4. David Bowie 6. The

**26. Do you know anyone your age who is a virgin?**  
Yes 43.3%  
No 56.7%

**27. Would you sleep with your roommate's lover if you knew you would never be caught?**  
Yes 33.3%  
No 66.7%

**28. Have you ever had sex in the school library?**  
Yes 10.4%  
No 89.6%

**29. How old were you when you lost your virginity?**  
Median 18

**30. How many sexual partners have you had over the past twelve months?**  
Median 1

**31. How many hours a night do you sleep during the week? On weekends?**  
Week, median 7  
Weekends, median 9

Top Photo: Tom Riddle

**32. On a typical night of parties, would you be more likely to drink, do drugs, do both, or do neither?**  
Drink 43.3%  
Do drugs 10.4%  
Do both 18.4%  
Do neither 27.9%

**33. Which of the following have you ever experienced?**  
AIDS 13.3%  
Oral sex 28.4%  
Masturbation 50.3%  
Bodily 40.3%  
Group sex 3.3%  
Phone sex 0.3%

**34. At what age do you expect to have your first child?**  
Median 20

**35. What would annoy you more: your lover confessing that he/she was unfaithful once, or telling a class?**  
An unfaithful lover 60.3%  
Telling a class 39.7%

**36. How old do you expect to be when you get married?**  
Median 26

**37. Would you rather work for a man or a woman?**  
Man 50.3%  
Woman 49.7%

**38. Would you deal drugs if you would never be caught?**  
Yes 33.3%  
No 66.7%

**39. Would you sleep with your roommate's lover if you knew you would never be caught?**  
Yes 33.3%  
No 66.7%

**40. How old were you when you lost your virginity?**  
Median 18

**41. How many sexual partners have you had over the past twelve months?**  
Median 1

Top Photo: Tom Riddle



**42. Of these Gilligan's Island characters, whom would you rather sleep with?**  
Mr. Howell 30.3%  
Ginger 30.3%  
Mary Ann 40.3%  
The Professor 30.3%  
Thompson Howell 0.3%

**43. Do you think you are receiving a good education?**  
Yes 43.3%  
No 56.7%

**44. Would you send your son or daughter to your alma mater?**  
Yes 30.3%  
No 69.7%

**45. Would you become a teacher if you would never be caught?**  
Yes 30.3%  
No 69.7%

**46. Would you deal drugs if you would never be caught?**  
Yes 33.3%  
No 66.7%

**47. Would you sleep with your roommate's lover if you knew you would never be caught?**  
Yes 33.3%  
No 66.7%

**48. How old were you when you lost your virginity?**  
Median 18

**49. How many sexual partners have you had over the past twelve months?**  
Median 1

**50. How many hours a night do you sleep during the week? On weekends?**  
Week, median 7  
Weekends, median 9

Top Photo: Tom Riddle







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 FIRST WHITE TIE FOR THE PINKO  
 LABEL, LAUREN IS THE TRADE-  
 MARK FOR AMERICAN STYLE  
 AND HAS COME TO EMBODIZE A  
 WAY OF LIFE. HIS CLOTHING,  
 TIMELESS AND CLASSIC (EM-  
 PHASIS ON THE CLASSIC, RE-  
 FLECTS NOT JUST OUR VALUES,  
 BUT OUR PERCEPTION OF THE  
 AMERICAN DREAM ITSELF. ¶  
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AND CERIAL. AND THE 1991-1992 WORLD-  
 WIDE, 66 IN THE UNITED STATES ALONE. IN  
 ALL, A BUSINESS THAT IS BELIEVED TO HAVE  
 GROWN MORE THAN 25 TIMES IN 1992. ¶

AND LIKE A DOLLARBILL THAT  
 HAS BEEN IN A FAMILIAR PLACE FOR  
 GENERATIONS, THE WORLD OF  
 RALPH LAUREN HAS DEVELOPED  
 ITS OWN PATINA. HIS  
 LUXURIOUS AESTHETIC, EXAG-  
 GERATED THROUGH IT MAY BE,  
 IS ENHANCED AS MORE SER-  
 VICES ARE ADDED TO THE  
 OVERALL LIFESTYLE HE HAS



CREATED. ¶ TO MARK RALPH LAUREN'S TWEN-  
 TY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY, WE COMMISSIONED  
 KURT MARKUS TO PHOTOGRAPH THE  
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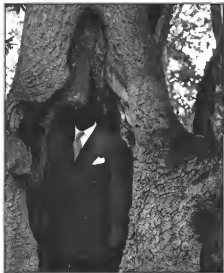
PHOTOGRAPHS BY KURT MARKUS



THE FOLD TOPPOST  
North Beach, Point Reyes  
California

THE THUNDERBOLT CHAIR  
Smith's Taylor House  
Laguna, California





THE FOLD DOUBLE-BREADED SUIT  
*Lawrence Road, Iron Ridge,  
 California*

THE COWBOY HAT  
*Lawrence Road, Iron Ridge,  
 California*



THE BIG DRESS SHIRT  
*Seaside Ridge, Fort Ligon  
 California*

THE CAP-TOE  
 LACE-UP SHOES  
*Seaside Ridge  
 California*





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# TOM ARNOLD AND THE LITTLE WOMAN

IN WHICH ROSEANNE'S DEFIANT HUSBAND PROVES DANCE AND FOR ALL HE IS NOT AN OVERSEXED, NO-TALENT, PHILANDERING GOLD DIGGER

BY  
MICHAEL  
ANGELI

IN WATCHING HEAD ON HINDS, as Tom Arnold walks out from behind the jury curtain, about to take his medicine. He has been introduced by Antonio, gardener of celebrities as a producer, writer, and stand-up comic, tonight it's the latter, a leering toast of one toast with the occasional hope of nailing a few laughs. No longer as big as a walk in class, the actor, improved Tom Arnold has lost seventy pounds and managed to stay sober for two years to the right. He is handsome and cheerful, wide smile, like a ranch hand. The old scowl of flesh smothered a striking resemblance to Robin Wagner as a post-surgery experiment with a phony smile.

Tom is backstaged, Tom is rolling. He bounces on the balls of his feet, rocking from side to side with the energy of a man making his way to the sound of rhythmic beatboxing coming through the walls.

"Haven't done comedy on this show for a year," he begins, "so who wants to know what I've been up to?"

There is no groundbreaking humor as he acts. He is passably funny, a performance that would probably earn him a consolation hand-shake from Ed McMahon on *Star Search*. But when he gets to the wife jokes, things start to get interesting.

"I was recently married," Tom admits, smiling, he has probably not met the poor girl yet, due to lack of, the one that got away, an all-bouncer and tells you that, therefore, you will be sleeping with one woman, and one woman only, for the rest of your life. Unlike those of us whose marriages have hit double digits, chances are he still avers to the rubric of marriage of providing to show no interest in watching professional sports. He probably has not put himself out about his wife's comely passing or her steps into the

vegetable kingdom after minor surgery and has having to be suitably replaced by an ample-breasted replacement into Vegas looking. We have women who do knowingly when they read their letters in a studio, posing them over to us. His reaction for high noon, saying the national anthem. What Arnold left out in his list of Tom's vocations was the one he up to the forefront of everyone watching. Tom is the husband of Roseanne.

And depending on what you choose to hear, that puts him in the category of people: philanderers, cheaters, liars, swindlers, spelt names, paper jobs, snake charmers, and awarded—Tom Arnold, the Little McCortney of sitcom. He sports a taste of Roseanne in four roles ever he left prison. His demeanor would be happy if over the night one is told quite a bit. So with Rose, you get Tom. His marriage has been played out in the suburbs, on the wife downstage would be a such a life I could when I had no show. Then I was a man with no feet. Then I was Tom Arnold.



ISN'T IT ROMANTIC? JUNE WEDDING, 1991, MAKING A CLEAN BREAK OF JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING (RIGHT)

ROSEANNE PLAYS AN EMBODY NAME from the media of Tom's forehead. They are standing on the porch of their bungalow, like a couple of married partners, greeting a flow of cast members of the Roseanne show as they arrive on the set. At this point, it looks like it might be easier to split us into two, a rubber mallet, then to get the one Arnold apart. To show that world is to join a work in progress, you catch them in motion, like jumping a single man loaded with fat jokes, most accusations, lawsuits, loyal friends, adoring employees, and food for everyone. Tom has found me and has me by the arm, on the way over to the production office. Tom is excited about a phone conversation he just had with his wife's doctor. The



## TOM TALKS ABOUT HIS CONVERSION TO JUDAISM: "WAS I CIRCUMCISED? THAT'S HOW I LOST THE SEVENTY POUNDS."

*Arnold is on duty to have a baby, but thirteen years ago, Roseanne had her tubes tied.*

"I like to say she had a starving accident, but she had them on. We thought we'd have to adopt or have in vitro fertilization, but here's the deal: Last Sunday she had the surgery when they put a hole in your belly button, so we have her tubes sewed."

According to Roseanne's doctor, her tubes can be reversed with a 50 percent chance of having a baby in what Tom describes as "the normal way."

"The thirty-two, she's thirty-nine. But people can have kids until they're fifty. Now we can try to have a kid in April. But the second part is that her uterus will get big enough. They're big enough the way it is, and they really give her back and shoulder trouble. I can live on the outside if she works out. If a guy had that, if your butt were that big, forget it. So she's having them chorionic. I'd like to have the extra stuff put on my dick, but there's always the fear of tissue rejection."



NOTHING FOR A LAUGH: TOM AND ROSEANNE ON THE BOB HOPE SHOW, BEING THEIR SUCCESSFUL MAN.

OTUSING, LONES, IS A SCENE IN the grain belt, one of those midwestern towns where the streets don't assume the shape of people in a hurry to get out. It holds the distinction of being the birthplace of not only Tom Arnold but the reigning Miss Iowa. As a kid growing up in Ottumwa, Tom had a life that sounds like a life out of a disillusioned social worker's case load: a violent and discarded house.

"My neighborhood is about thirteen years old at that age. She was our next-door neighbor on baby street when my natural mom would go out. My biological mother and I don't really talk—she's still back in Ottumwa."

Surpassing domestic bliss ("my neighborhood in old-fashioned punishment and my dad sort of let it happen") was the progeny of higher education and, not surprisingly, booze and drugs.

"I started getting high when I was fourteen," says Tom, with the assurance of someone telling about his worst hanging or the advice of local law. The man who would later become a talent agent seems to relish the tales about his wild student-business education at Jackson Hills Community College in Ottumwa. There was an equally remarkable time at the University of Iowa, where comedy eventually lured him away from the manor of apocalypticism.

"I really wanted to go doing comedy full time, so when I was twenty-three, I moved to Minneapolis. I figured I'd be on David Letterman in about six months. I was a bartender at this small bar that was in a really bad neighborhood, and I was also the housewife."

"The night I wasn't doing comedy I'd be in the bar fighting with people. Four or five guys would come in and force me to jump over the bar with any club." Being a comic, however, was always good. Being heavily guarded from social assembly, the anxiety of dead-end jobs, disconnected phones, and empty beds was made for the short but intense bouts of laughter. "The kid she just sharpened up the material."

"I was kicked up most of the time, anyway. One night I was on the street taking a piss. Cop pulls up behind me, says, 'What the

hell are you doing?' I said, 'I'm making a cocktail. You want one?' He beat the shit out of me."

IN STANDING AT A PICTURE OF ROSEANNE laughing in the wall, a framed copy of her *Vanity Fair* cover, she's spread-eagle—a face-down mug—with Tom lying under her, pinned by her as-yet-unbubbled breasts. The name of the magazine has been accidentally shared to read *fun*. The two women in the picture met in Minneapolis in 1974 when Roseanne came to perform at the Comedy Gallery.

"She had been married for many years. The first time we met, we had a full glass, we loved each other's act, she went to a party, then I saw her again when she was staying at this fuguehouse. For a minute, a bunch of friends of mine [who saw Roseanne incidentally, went

on for Roseanne]. Roseanne and I were just buddies. We slept together on the floor like all the comics did, and we established a relationship. A friendship over the years, writing for each other." They did some traveling together; Tom would hear from her about once every one or two months, occasionally to buy one-liners.

"I came out here in 1974 to do comedy and to work out the Roseanne show as a writer, and she promised I could play her husband on her TV show. But she pursued a lot of guys—that's whole bunches big guys. The romance began early in 1974. She was not divorced yet. I had moved out here with my family, and we didn't get along too well because I was a big drag on her. Thomas [Tom's father] was a co-dependant. The day I quit drugs, she was in a way. She said, 'Now you don't need me anymore.'"

"Was she right?"

"Think. Unfortunately I loved her. But I never loved anybody, period, like I love Rose. It sounds stupid but it is so complex. I never felt anything like it. It's a different stage of love. I loved maybe four women in my life. This is the most complexly different experience. When you have a great relationship, you just give everything, you just give it up. Rose does that for me. There are times when I'll go, 'Oh, I'm there more for her than she is for me—no more sex. I miss any that—our pads. But she's coming to this relationship and she is really in love with me. And this makes me feel better than anything.'"

When Tom Arnold speaks in such a fashion, he is marking down a brood of disgruntled in-laws (his morning, Roseanne's younger sister, Geraldine, filed suit against both Roseanne and Tom, claiming responsibility for 50 percent of her act) who not only question his sanity but hold him responsible for Roseanne's "abandonment" of her family.

"My whole world is her—she is the most important thing in and around my world. It all comes back to her." Does Rose know what he's bullshitting?

"Think, yeah. I try not to do it so much. Sometimes though, you have to. We call it bullshitting, they call it being sensitive. I've learned to do that. It was so fast of having her not trust me. Rose doesn't trust anybody. She trusts me now, and I like that. I learned a lot now that I lack at it, she trusted me from the beginning—









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# Love in the Time of Magic

A CHRONICLE OF RISK AND ROMANCE ON THE SIDELINES OF THE NBA BY E. JEAN CARROLL

Thus spoke the whole of womanhood. — HENRIETTA DE BALDACC

I MEAN, THIS GUY, I worked in his hotel room one day, and he had on a towel. And I was," says Miss Boyd. "This man, his body. He played for the Bulls. Oh! This man had a body! Oh, my God, I'm telling you! He opened the door."

"He's not here," says Miss Power. "He opens the door," says Miss Boyd, "and he has on a towel, and he is so tall that the towel ends in his butt, and he opened the door and my eyes got stuck like that, I am not lying. And this man is right here."

Miss Power is sitting at the head of the table in a bar where her gold eyes are embossed with turquoise snakes ("Eyes are in means sexual life"), with ruby gemstones and six golden speckles on the cheeks, and she tries to look at what muscle Miss Boyd is pointing to

Miss Power's bra (it held up with a white suspender stretched around her neck. This is all she has on from the worst up except for her burnt Italian cash lipstick, a gold earring, and her shoes, dark hair falling half a foot below her shoulders).

The muscle Miss Boyd is pointing to is the thigh muscle. The idea of a Bull's thigh muscle so thick the entire young ladies at the table that one of Miss Johnson's champagne flutes cut off its natural source and Miss Manhood inside her head, over her own mouth and nostrils.

"This muscle right here," says Miss Boyd. "Right above the knee. My God! That's my dream!"

The young ladies nod. Miss Boyd, Miss Power, Miss Johnson and Miss Manhood have opened like snakes on basketball players.

Flourish with the NBA, Misses of the 1990 Finals. From left: Sandra (Miss Power), Robin (Miss Boyd), Robin (Miss Johnson), and Shana (Miss Manhood).





them, and I told Rubin there's only one NBA player I want to meet, and that was who, and I said Sam Perkins. And she said, 'What? And I said when I was here I wanted for you! And we're here like each other ever since. We had a date, but—her brother was and fell with depression—we've never gotten together.'"

Miss Mendota has a lovely soft dimension and a three-year-old daughter, Chanel, whose father is a beloved Jackson impersonator. When Mendota looks like John Roberts and has announced that she is interested in acting, "I was a big-time manager for people behind the scenes, and he was so adored with me!" I ask her what her plans are for the future.

"Well," she says, playing with her camera cables.

Miss Mendota is very beautiful.

"My one dream has always been the only dream I have—when I went to school." She looks up and smiles, suddenly timid.

"What? What?" I say.

She leaves her head. Her mother is a celebrated basketballer.

"I want to be so the cover of *On* magazine."

She glances up and blushes.

"Why?" I say.

"It's not the money. The money's nothing," says Miss Mendota, who was *Dances at the Flamingo*. "I just want to be on the cover of *On* magazine."



SARALYN: "He opens the door and he has on a towel, and he is so tall that the towel ends at his butt. He opened the door and my knees got weak."

I've just witnessed one of my super models and enters to "Cover the Earth, mountains and craters" on the Forum Club after the game between the Lakers and Spurs when suddenly, ye gods! here comes Magic Johnson himself! The people! The crowd! Miss Mendota! More hush! We're all wearing black from flocks or so forum guards. What? A woman in all, forgotten, damn one and then her arms up around Magic's neck and leaves one year, and here he goes out the door, she, he's kissing the woman, the woman is clapping to him, and out he goes, so he's breaking down, talking to a boy in a wheelchair, they are holding the door, more hush, hush! Now there's a mouth to lick boy in a wheelchair but his car's quite nice to Magic, the kid's father is struggling to roll him through the crowd, the father is pushing, there is a tiny Lakers flag on the wheelchair, the little boy is wearing a Lakers cap, where? the chair almost tipped over, stand back! Look out! The little boy holds Magic's pants in his hand, and the father is pushing, people are running, the boy will never make it through the crowd, never make it, never, God in heaven! Look! Magic sees Miss Mendota and says, "He wants! He wants! He wants!" as the door is in his back. Mendota also converses, there's his beautiful program with glowing little boys, little hush! because of the crowd, the top is up, the windows are darkened, he is gone.

The place erupts out. I ask Miss Victor Castles and Miss Virginia Lauby whom they are waiting for.

Miss Castles and Miss Lauby (not their real names) are quite all out when wearing epico heels. They have two giggles, gals one another, and real to eye side.

It turns out they come to most of the Lakers games. Miss Castles works as a cashier at Hughes supermarket. Miss Lauby is a

medical equipment, and they are waiting for Derronius Cally (the *Knights* there are not real) from the Lakers and announced after Magic's (doubt) and the great Sam Perkins.

Mr. Cally is just appear, nervously get up in his—sweat, leather and a Spanish under suit, and real to spectators to the Forum Club where James Worley is having his picture taken and signing sphere pictures in the corner opposite the hot food. Mr. Cally runs around looking for two chairs and suddenly runs Miss Lauby and Miss Castles. Mr. Perkins there smiles a handsome man, has his picture taken, signs some table napkins, and shows a smile, while the man with well-developed calves to run at him from across the room, jump onto his chest, and kiss him on the cheek. After she drops off like a wood oak, I have a word with him.

"I talked to a girl whose heart you broke," I say.

"Broke?" says Mr. Perkins, looking down at me with a lively frown of speculation.

"You were so delighted she couldn't help herself," I say, using on the ball of my foot. It is like looking up at the dome of St. Peter's.

Superman. "I broke her heart!"

says Mr. Perkins.

"Does the name Diana mean anything to you?" I ask.

He lowers down at the floor. But he's married.

"Hail Austria! Half-Mexican!" I say. I don't want to confuse Mr. Perkins with all Miss Mendota's information.

"And I broke her heart!" she looks her head to one side. He is a sensitive man who plays the piano. "Was she at the game?" he says.

"Not tonight," I think. "But she says you are the most selfish man in the NBA, and you dress better than anybody."

It suddenly runs through my mind that I must sound like Chuck Worthy.

"And this year her is better than anybody's and that you play better than anybody," I add.

"I broke her heart because I had all that!" he says, Wang has great long arms wrap from his body and smiling.

I see Miss Castles going out one of the corners of her left eye.

"And that's purposeful," I say. "Give."

Every game on Miss Castles's point profile is showing great eyeballs from half an inch down.

"Mmmmm," says Mr. Perkins. "I'm gonna have to call her up."

And the next moment he's gone—"to meet the lady from Redhook."

But the Lady from Redhook could never compete with our young ladies. And matters seem to be progressing very slowly. Miss Power's silent and said David Robinson, you got married and then she is back with her old boyfriend, David Robinson, the San Antonio Spurs. One of the last statements I heard from her was she "disappointingly" wanted to get married. "I'm sick of it," she said. "Sick of it. Magic is too close to home for me."

"Did you have yourself tested?" I had asked.

"Yes," said Miss Power. "Negative."

Well, bless her soul, and all the young ladies. I received an agreed, building, joyful encouragement from Miss Mendota not long ago when she rung and said, "Sam called me! He left a message on my phone that said, 'You're breaking my heart. Please call me.'"

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ADVERTISING SUPPLEMENT

# AMERICA'S CUP XXVIII



By PETER A. JENNIFER and LAURA B. DEAN





## A Whole New Ball Game

Ever since the spirited schooner *America* beat 16 British yachts in the Solent in 1851 to bring the America's Cup home to New York, 151 sailors from overseas have been trying to win it back. The *America* won that first race by such a distance that Queen Victoria, watching from the shore, asked its skipper "Who is second?" and the sailor was forced to reply "Your Majesty, there is no second." Indeed today only such a legendary victory "is heron job."

The competition is a lot tighter now. In the 27th America's Cup race off San Diego this spring, syndicates from seven nations are spending hundreds of millions of dollars to win the Cup from the San Diego Yacht Club. Meanwhile, two U.S. syndicates (one led by Caprice owner Dennis Conner and the other by multimillionaire sailor Bill Koch) are competing for the right to defend it.

The Best of Both establishing the Cup



The Cup that launched it off Queen Victoria's luxurious silver pitcher.

race says they are designed to sponsor "friendly competition between foreign countries." Unfortunately, that has not always been the case. In 1963, when the *America* won the Cup off Newport, R.I. in a 12-Meter with a winged keel, the *America* crewed boat. Conner dramatically won a back off Perth in 1967. A year later New Zealand attorney banker Michael Pay challenged with a 130-foot sloop and Conner successfully defended with an equally unconventional cruiser, resulting in a modern-day heron job—and 18 months of angry lawsuits.

Now the Cup is a whole new ball game, with new boats, a new course and new rules. It also is one of the most colorful and glamorous international sporting events of the year, combining jet-set pamper, space age technology and winner take-all competition. Here's what to look for in San Diego this spring.

## Is it a luxury sedan or a fountain of youth?

When you were a child and driving was new, a car had nothing to do with commuting or gridlock. It was about fun. It was about the pure joy of driving.

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This car is so in tune with the driver it seems to know exactly when you like the adjustable seat and steering wheel. It remembers two driver positions, in case you want to share this rejuvenating experience.

It shows time somebody gave the idea of performance luxury sedans some fresh thinking.



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## The Players: Defenders



Deaner Comer (above, with the Cup) knows the winner off San Diego. The son of a local fisherman, he's been sailing since he was 11 years old. Comer, now 49, dropped out of San Diego State to go sailing. Since then, he's won the America's Cup more times than anyone else (four). He is also the only American ever to lose to the Aussies in '83. A determined leader, Comer makes his crew share his "commitment to the competition." Now he's in trouble. He only has enough money for one boat (in opposed to two when he won the Cup back from the Aussies in '81). But people who have raced against him once the pain never ends. Comer on... he's just too good.



Bill Koch (above, with statue in his San Diego home) comes from one of the wealthiest families in the U.S. Based in Woodlily, Conn., Koch's Entertainment "Club" lives in Palm Beach and is the head of the Ocean Group, an alternative energy company. With a Ph.D. from M.I.T., Koch has headed his *Amateur* syndicate on his three Tri-Talent, Testwork and Technology. Koch, 31, has been racing for only eight years, although he is the world Maxi boat champion. He's spent \$30 million on the Cup, including four boats. Koch's the skipper of one, he's head Buddy Melges to sail another. This is Koch's first Cup and it may be his last. "It's taken more resources than I bargained for," he says.



Buddy Melges, 42, brings 33 years of racing acumen to Koch's team. So far, he's won more than 60 championships.

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### You can be a part of the tradition.

In the history of the America's Cup competition, the United States has laid claim to the coveted trophy for 125 of its 139 years. In San Diego, California in May, 1992 America's sailing superiority will once again be challenged by racing teams from all over the world.

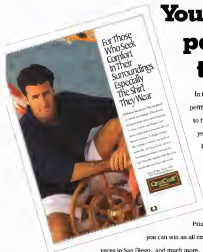
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# The Players: Challengers



A Irish world-class financier obsessed by yachting's top prize, New Zealand merchant banker Sir Michael Fay (see right), is back for his third try at the Cup. In '81, Deane, Connor called Fay's revolutionary fiberglass 12-Meter a cheat in Perth—and then lost it. In '88, Connor's cousin convinced Fay's association at Big Bear off San Diego, Sir Michael, 42, who was longed for his services to banking and yachting, may put his savings due him. In his second world champion sailor Rod Davis (see right) another Californian, who sailed for Newport Harbor Y.C. in the '87 Cup. Davis, 56, now lives in Auckland with his New Zealand-born wife.



Businessman Rod Gorden (see right), one of the richest—and most glamorous—men in Italy, leads the \$43 million-plus El Moro di Vascia Cup campaign. Gorden, 55, has a patch of rough water last summer when family members ousted him from the helm of giant Sanlario Peruzzi, whose subsidiary Mooredown sponsored the El Moro team. But he was spared to keep his America's Cup dream alive (while also starting a major development firm in his own name). Skipper Paul Caputi (left) from San Francisco has been winning races for Gorden since '85, taking time out in '87 to reach the Cup semifinals on USA Caputi, 32, has turned Italian for this Cup.



Mass Pige (left) is sailing for his native country, France. Former skipper of the controversially named French Air, which made the semifinals in the '87 Cup, Pige, 38, now has the nimble FR4 27 at his command. Kiwi Chris Dickson (right) is another "man without a country." The 41-year-old much-liked skipper in the world, Dickson, 30, declared himself a free agent after sailing for Michael Fay in Perth, then signed on to sail with the formidable first-time Japanese team.



Sailing takes wind and water.



But victory takes guts.

## The America's Cup Watch.

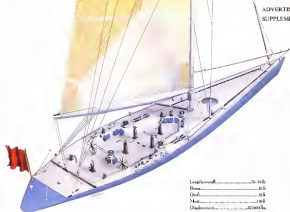
The only official watch designed to time the world's greatest yacht race. Equipped with countdown timer, auto start chrono, race restart and flyback timer, elapsed-time graphic display and 360° direction indicator. The watch is also water resistant to 100 meters and has the official race course charted on the wristband.

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## The New Boat

The new International America's Cup Class (IACC) boats have inspired both terror and awe from the sailors who race them. Nippon Challenge skipper Chris Dickson (who didn't pay for his team's boat) calls the IACC "the Formula One of yacht racing." America's leader Bill Koch (who did) calls the boats "incredibly dangerous and very expensive."

The amount of danger remains to be seen; the amount of money does not. The boat's sky-high price is due to the use of aerospace materials, particularly carbon fiber, to lighten the hull and spars. Unfortunately, the main-masteeing up is \$750,000 each—have been known to break and the sails—approach \$10,000 to stand mid-race. However, the IACC is

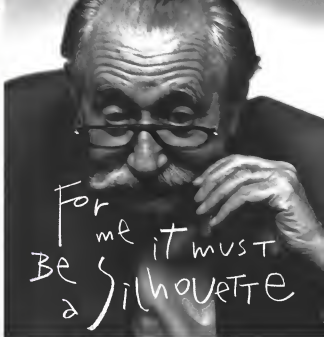


Length overall \_\_\_\_\_ 75-100 ft  
Beam \_\_\_\_\_ 20 ft  
Draft \_\_\_\_\_ 0-6 ft  
Mast \_\_\_\_\_ 100 ft  
Displacement \_\_\_\_\_ 20,000 lbs  
Cost \_\_\_\_\_ \$10-20 million

fastest and more agile than the earlier 12-Meter replicas.

The skipper gets all the attention, but it is the 15 other members of the crew who make the boat move. The boat team is called the afterguard, consisting of the helmsman, tactician and navigator, all standing in the cockpit. The mainmast crewmen work on the roughly 2,000-sq-ft masthead, while the boom crewmen shape the 1,200-sq-ft jibs and top-hat mast, 600-sq-ft spinnaker.

Gritted with muscles like NFL line men, men at the "carbon printer" winches, ready to crank in the post headsails. One on the boom, when a spinnaker is "dropped" during a mark rounding, the seaman does not pull the forward halyard to pull in the big sail. A "17th man" is the boat down: the seaman's leg goes along for the ride as the owner's leg.



Bill Koch, designer, and his Silhouette.

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# The Past



1851

Queen Victoria watched as *America* beat the odds of her first circumnavigation of the world for the Cup.



1977

Ted Turner, called "The Mouth of the South," spent the busy New York Yacht Club with his series on and off the race course, but still beat the Aussies with his 13-Meter *Chaloups*.



1937

Harold Vanderbilt defined the Cup by using the British with her 130-foot *Aurora*, the fastest 130-foot ever built.



1983

Dennis Conner lost the Cup to Alan Bond's *Aerolite* II, equipped with a new winged keel, in a historic windswept race off Newport, ending the NYYC's 133-year winning streak.



1987

Thornier teams came out on Fort Lauderdale, including on from the 130th anniversary of the Cup back to Conner under one of the most emotional races back in sports by winning the Cup from America's Marry on *Kauai* in 1987.



## The Course

A new boat calls for a new course. With the live-TV audience in mind, "in-curve" and a "butterhook" turn have been added to the traditional America's Cup course. Also new: *France* will be sailed *upwind* on the water, rather than *down* the water, thanks to the new up-the-water winging system. *Helena* in the wing can now clear themselves by doing a 270-degree turn right on the course.

For spectators—as well as sailors—the eleven-year before the start of a race has always been dramatic as the two boats circle each other, looking for an edge. Just before the gun, they look for the late, often crossing within fractions of a second of each other. The last boat has a molecule to keep between the opponent and the start mark. Upwind legs 1, 3 and 7 and downwind legs 2 and 6 are straightaway compared to the early "sweeps" of legs 4, 5 and 8 where the crew must change the sails at every mark—sailing not to drop them in the water. The "butterhook" at the bottom of leg 5 forces the boats to jibe around through 180 degrees. The downwind finish, with spectators flying, will be Cup racing at its most colorful.

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3SQ, 3SR, 3SS, 3ST, 3SU, 3SV, 3SW, 3SX, 3SY, 3SZ, 3TA, 3TB, 3TC, 3TD, 3TE, 3TF, 3TG, 3TH, 3TI, 3TJ, 3TK, 3TL, 3TM, 3TN, 3TO, 3TP, 3TQ, 3TR, 3TS, 3TT, 3TU, 3TV, 3TW, 3TX, 3TY, 3TZ, 3UA, 3UB, 3UC, 3UD, 3UE, 3UF, 3UG, 3UH, 3UI, 3UJ, 3UK, 3UL, 3UM, 3UN, 3UO, 3UP, 3UQ, 3UR, 3US, 3UT, 3UU, 3UV, 3UW, 3UX, 3UY, 3UZ, 3VA, 3VB, 3VC, 3VD, 3VE, 3VF, 3VG, 3VH, 3VI, 3VJ, 3VK, 3VL, 3VM, 3VN, 3VO, 3VP, 3VQ, 3VR, 3VS, 3VT, 3VU, 3VV, 3VW, 3VX, 3VY, 3VZ, 3WA, 3WB, 3WC, 3WD, 3WE, 3WF, 3WG, 3WH, 3WI, 3WJ, 3WK, 3WL, 3WM, 3WN, 3WO, 3WP, 3WQ, 3WR, 3WS, 3WT, 3WU, 3WV, 3WW, 3WX, 3WY, 3WZ, 3XA, 3XB, 3XC, 3XD, 3XE, 3XF, 3XG, 3XH, 3XI, 3XJ, 3XK, 3XL, 3XM, 3XN, 3XO, 3XP, 3XQ, 3XR, 3XS, 3XT, 3XU, 3XV, 3XW, 3XX, 3XY, 3XZ, 3YA, 3YB, 3YC, 3YD, 3YE, 3YF, 3YG, 3YH, 3YI, 3YJ, 3YK, 3YL, 3YM, 3YN, 3YO, 3YP, 3YQ, 3YR, 3YS, 3YT, 3YU, 3YV, 3YW, 3YX, 3YY, 3YZ, 3ZA, 3ZB, 3ZC, 3ZD, 3ZE, 3ZF, 3ZG, 3ZH, 3ZI, 3ZJ, 3ZK, 3ZL, 3ZM, 3ZN, 3ZO, 3ZP, 3ZQ, 3ZR, 3ZS, 3ZT, 3ZU, 3ZV, 3ZW, 3ZX, 3ZY, 3ZZ, 4AA, 4AB, 4AC, 4AD, 4AE, 4AF, 4AG, 4AH, 4AI, 4AJ, 4AK, 4AL, 4AM, 4AN, 4AO, 4AP, 4AQ, 4AR, 4AS, 4AT, 4AU, 4AV, 4AW, 4AX, 4AY, 4AZ, 4BA, 4BB, 4BC, 4BD, 4BE, 4BF, 4BG, 4BH, 4BI, 4BJ, 4BK, 4BL, 4BM, 4BN, 4BO, 4BP, 4BQ, 4BR, 4BS, 4BT, 4BU, 4BV, 4BW, 4BX, 4BY, 4BZ, 4CA, 4CB, 4CC, 4CD, 4CE, 4CF, 4CG, 4CH, 4CI, 4CJ, 4CK, 4CL, 4CM, 4CN, 4CO, 4CP, 4CQ, 4CR, 4CS, 4CT, 4CU, 4CV, 4CW, 4CX, 4CY, 4CZ, 4DA, 4DB, 4DC, 4DD, 4DE, 4DF, 4DG, 4DH, 4DI, 4DJ, 4DK, 4DL, 4DM, 4DN, 4DO, 4DP, 4DQ, 4DR, 4DS, 4DT, 4DU, 4DV, 4DW, 4DX, 4DY, 4DZ, 4EA, 4EB, 4EC, 4ED, 4EE, 4EF, 4EG, 4EH, 4EI, 4EJ, 4EK, 4EL, 4EM, 4EN, 4EO, 4EP, 4EQ, 4ER, 4ES, 4ET, 4EU, 4EV, 4EW, 4EX, 4EY, 4EZ, 4FA, 4FB, 4FC, 4FD, 4FE, 4FF, 4FG, 4FH, 4FI, 4FJ, 4FK, 4FL, 4FM, 4FN, 4FO, 4FP, 4FQ, 4FR, 4FS, 4FT, 4FU, 4FV, 4FW, 4FX, 4FY, 4FZ, 4GA, 4GB, 4GC, 4GD, 4GE, 4GF, 4GG, 4GH, 4GI, 4GJ, 4GK, 4GL, 4GM, 4GN, 4GO, 4GP, 4GQ, 4GR, 4GS, 4GT, 4GU, 4GV, 4GW, 4GX, 4GY, 4GZ, 4HA, 4HB, 4HC, 4HD, 4HE, 4HF, 4HG, 4HH, 4HI, 4HJ, 4HK, 4HL, 4HM, 4HN, 4HO, 4HP, 4HQ, 4HR, 4HS, 4HT, 4HU, 4HV, 4HW, 4HX, 4HY, 4HZ, 4IA, 4IB, 4IC, 4ID, 4IE, 4IF, 4IG, 4IH, 4II, 4IJ, 4IK, 4IL, 4IM, 4IN, 4IO, 4IP, 4IQ, 4IR, 4IS, 4IT, 4IU, 4IV, 4IW, 4IX, 4IY, 4IZ, 4JA, 4JB, 4JC, 4JD, 4JE, 4JF, 4JG, 4JH, 4JI, 4JJ, 4JK, 4JL, 4JM, 4JN, 4JO, 4JP, 4JQ, 4JR, 4JS, 4JT, 4JU, 4JV, 4JW, 4JX, 4JY, 4JZ, 4KA, 4KB, 4KC, 4KD, 4KE, 4KF, 4KG, 4KH, 4KI, 4KJ, 4KK, 4KL, 4KM, 4KN, 4KO, 4KP, 4KQ, 4KR, 4KS, 4KT, 4KU, 4KV, 4KW, 4KX, 4KY, 4KZ, 4LA, 4LB, 4LC, 4LD, 4LE, 4LF, 4LG, 4LH, 4LI, 4LJ, 4LK, 4LL, 4LM, 4LN, 4LO, 4LP, 4LQ, 4LR, 4LS, 4LT, 4LU, 4LV, 4LW, 4LX, 4LY, 4LZ, 4MA, 4MB, 4MC, 4MD, 4ME, 4MF, 4MG, 4MH, 4MI, 4MJ, 4MK, 4ML, 4MM, 4MN, 4MO, 4MP, 4MQ, 4MR, 4MS, 4MT, 4MU, 4MV, 4MW, 4MX, 4MY, 4MZ, 4NA, 4NB, 4NC, 4ND, 4NE, 4NF, 4NG, 4NH, 4NI, 4NJ, 4NK, 4NL, 4NM, 4NN, 4NO, 4NP, 4NQ, 4NR, 4NS, 4NT, 4NU, 4NV, 4NW, 4NX, 4NY, 4NZ, 4OA, 4OB, 4OC, 4OD, 4OE, 4OF, 4OG, 4OH, 4OI, 4OJ, 4OK, 4OL, 4OM, 4ON, 4OO, 4OP, 4OQ, 4OR, 4OS, 4OT, 4OU, 4OV, 4OW, 4OX, 4OY, 4OZ, 4PA, 4PB, 4PC, 4PD, 4PE, 4PF, 4PG, 4PH, 4PI, 4PJ, 4PK, 4PL, 4PM, 4PN, 4PO, 4PP, 4PQ, 4PR, 4PS, 4PT, 4PU, 4PV, 4PW, 4PX, 4PY, 4PZ, 4QA, 4QB, 4QC, 4QD, 4QE, 4QF, 4QG, 4QH, 4QI, 4QJ, 4QK, 4QL, 4QM, 4QN, 4QO, 4QP, 4QQ, 4QR, 4QS, 4QT, 4QU, 4QV, 4QW, 4QX, 4QY, 4QZ, 4RA, 4RB, 4RC, 4RD, 4RE, 4RF, 4RG, 4RH, 4RI, 4RJ, 4RK, 4RL, 4RM, 4RN, 4RO, 4RP, 4RQ, 4RR, 4RS, 4RT, 4RU, 4RV, 4RW, 4RX, 4RY, 4RZ, 4SA, 4SB, 4SC, 4SD, 4SE, 4SF, 4SG, 4SH, 4SI, 4SJ, 4SK, 4SL, 4SM, 4SN, 4SO, 4SP, 4SQ, 4SR, 4SS, 4ST, 4SU, 4SV, 4SW, 4SX, 4SY, 4SZ, 4TA, 4TB, 4TC, 4TD, 4TE, 4TF, 4TG, 4TH, 4TI, 4TJ, 4TK, 4TL, 4 |

# THE SPINDICATOR

A MONTHLY NEWSLETTER FROM JULY 87 TO THE SECOND OF JULY, CLOSING UP ALL CULTURAL AND NEWS FRONTIERS BY MICHAEL FRISCHKOPF AND GUY BAKER

**CONSUME, CONSUME, CONSUME TRENDPAC**  
A special report on celebrity goods, technology and services that will make America number one again.

**T**HE NEW FOCKET **GuiltProof Rationalizer** has been sweeping the adult "microtoy" market. The size of a credit card, the Rationalizer combats the sober, stay-at-home inactivity of the Nineties with concise, marginable excuses for **excessive behavior** of all kinds. Everything's displayed on an easy-to-read, five-line LCD display. Need to buy that super-expensive Japanese car, essay an extravagantly expensive seduction of Giddy Crawford, or snort some cocaine? How about cutting donations to Save the Children to buy that indispensable \$2,000 Day-Glo Versace suit? With twenty-six dissections that can be cross-referenced with each of the seven deadly sins, the Rationalizer can

have you backsliding into your Eighties lifestyle (and on your way to a second heart attack!) faster than it takes to say, "Gosh, I'm sorry I did that."

One of the age-old perks of being a powerful man in America is having a concubine. But for those who fear a bone-chilling late night phone call or an emotional scene at the country club, there's the new phone service, **1-800-MISTRESS** (dial off the line for satisfaction). At \$5 a minute, it's not cheap. But who can put a price on having your very own **voluptuous, overpriced, potaged** (smile) Red Hot Ice Cube who's trained by **phone-sex** novelist **Nicholson Baker** to make seductive comments about your pill-shedded **luscious** orange armpits to seal covers **Mac** notes. Try you to leave your wife, and show thanks to "take it to the people." Sorry for busy



Look! Cheap! at a discount!

people seem to be **quarantined with their** **luscious** again. We think women will be **luscious** once we figure out how to **snip the strings** from **unsnipped** **lusciousness** more **luscious** devices.

Now that **gilt is lacking**, consumers are searching for an "anti-luxury" product strategy to last them through the millennium. **Maynard** **snapping** **both** **basic** and **in** **billions** at the new "Mass **perks**" look **business** **lenses** that are **designed** **down** to make the **luscious** people look like they've just moved there last two mortgage payments. Look for "burlesque-inspired" **casual** **de** **chance**, **both** **snaps** **made** **to** **look** **like** **Salvatore** **Army** **shorts**, and **luscious** **again** **all** **that** **makes** **you** **look** **like** **you** **were** **just** **released** **from** **a** **mental** **institution** **that** **was** **closed** **for** **lack** **of** **federal** **funds**.

## The Spin Doctor Is In

We answer your sex by mail questions in a quick, easy-to-understand and **Quick** format.

**DEAR DR. SPIN:** I was thinking about this the other day. Are people usually **will** **having** **sex?**—**COORINIA**  
**DEAR COORINIA:** Not really. These days, sex is primarily a **marketing** **strategy** **used** **to** **sell** **clothes** **and** **beer**. It

## CAMPAIGN REPORT

**F**ACING A MORDEET and **luscious** **populace**, the Republicans are taking a page from the old **Communist** **handbook**. The **insane** **twenty-four-hour** **radio** **propaganda** **stations** say **Way to Go America!** **network** **will** **fight** **"reactionary** **disposition"** **with** **"cheerful** **uplifters"** **messages**. Look for **signing** **morning** **sequences** **of** **pinstripe-suited** **bankers** **going** **to** **work** **in** **planning** **offices** **where** **White** **Beach** **golfers** **enjoying** **a** **placid** **Sunday** **afternoon** **and** **some** **immigrants** **(or** **Hebrews** **of** **course)** **carefully** **enriching** **marital** **lives**. Special **bonus** **four** **hour** **daily** **of** **teped** **Barbra** **And** **appreciation**. The **much-beloved** **First** **Lady** **will** **be** **seen** **bonding** **with** **average** **folks** **making** **"don't** **boast"** **comments** **and** **showing** **off** **her** **underestimated** **wardrobe**.

# MERIT INTRODUCES SURPRISING FLAVOR AT ONLY 1 MG TAR.



FINISHING A PACK A DAY  
saves at the lowest level  
of tar and nicotine. Now  
Merit Ultima. Only 1 mg tar  
per cigarette. Only 0.1 mg  
nicotine per cigarette. You'll love it.

TRY

THE ULTIMATE LOWEST FROM MERIT.

# MERIT ULTIMA™

Smooth. Fresh. A Fair, New Sensation. Merit Ultima.

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.**





I don't want fifteen minutes of fame.

I want a life.

I don't want to be a flash in the pan.

I want a career.

I don't want to grab all I can.

I want to selectively choose the best.

I don't want to sell a company.

I want to build one.

I don't want to date a model.

OK, so I do want to date a model.

Sue me.

But the rest of my goals are long term.

The result of day to day determination.

I stay steady.

I redefine the word consistency.

Along the way there will surely be

moments of brilliance.

I am, after all, me.

But the moments will add up to something greater.

A record of excellence.

A plaque in a hall.

My name on a sandwich.

A family that's a team.

I'll never look back with regret.

I will always believe in the ideal.

I hope to be remembered, not recalled.

And I hope to make a difference.

JUST DO IT.

*Air Cross Trainer™ Low*



Carlton Fisk, catcher, 21 years in the major leagues. So far.